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## Events of the Week.

MR. ASQUITH, bearing on his back the fortunes of the Liberal Party, has accomplished his *Aeneid*, with "a bit over." His great poll of 14,736 votes, which yields him a majority of 2,834 over the Labor man and of 10,931 over the Coalitionist, was reaped from many quarters, and is a national even more than a local decision. Mr. Asquith and the Liberal Party thus avenge themselves fully for the trick of the Coupon and the General Election, and the Coalition which then drove every rival from the field, is already reduced to "freak" candidates, unable to poll an eighth of the electorate, and compelled to forfeit their deposit of £150. From "freak" candidates to a "freak" Prime Minister is only a step as things go in these days, and Mr. George must beware. Mr. Asquith's return is due to a multitude of causes—his past services, fine demeanor, personal distinction, the vigor of his campaign, the feeling that Parliament has been belittled by Mr. George, and that its revival by Mr. Asquith's aid is of first-rate consequence to our politics, and also, we imagine, a desire to keep the Liberal Party in being and provide a moderate force between the embattlement of Capital and Labor. We hope that Mr. Asquith will interpret this mission generously, and that his Paisley platform will not harden into mere anti-Laborism. On Ireland and foreign policy Liberalism and Labor are practically united. They differ on economics, though Mr. Asquith must recognize that his Left wing are well advanced beyond his position on nationalization and the capital levy. But if the tone is sympathetic, a working policy may in time be developed.

PAISLEY deals a heavy blow at the Coalition. It makes the Prime Minister look ridiculous; for a leader who is so embarrassed that he dares not acknowledge a follower, or gives him a half-nod as to an illegitimate child, and who yet suffers from his crushing defeat, is hardly a leader at all; while a Government that loses nearly all its elections by thousands of votes, and only wins one by division in its enemies' ranks, loses prestige,

is open to continual schism, and can never propose a policy with confidence, or under the assumption of an electoral mandate. In the House of Commons, no doubt, the Coalitionists will huddle together like frightened sheep. But frightened sheep are easily stampeded. Little moral force attaches to Mr. George's personality, and there is universal speculation on what he will do next, and what port he may seek in a storm.

THE deliberations of the Supreme Allied Council on Russia have brought forth a decision which registers a small advance. Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti have not yet imposed their point of view on M. Millerand, but they have carried a position from which, in due course, he can be outflanked. In plain words, the Soviet Government is not yet technically "recognized." It will not be recognized until the Allies "arrive at the conviction that Bolshevik horrors have come to an end." The past "horrors" are evidently no insuperable barrier to future intercourse. The "bloody hand" may wash itself. Indeed arrangements are being made to inspect it, and may result, doubtless will result, in an official certificate that the ablutions have been complete. It is proposed to invite the Council of the League of Nations to send out "a commission of investigation to Russia to examine the facts." Thus, a year later, Mr. Lloyd George revives the improvisation of his breakfast-table talk with Mr. Bullitt, at which he proposed to send Lord Lansdowne or Lord Salisbury on a whitewashing mission to the Bolsheviks. The tactics are adroit, but somewhat belated; there is no longer any need for so much caution. The successes of the Red Army have converted most of the popular press in London, and Paris follows not far behind. They are all sending correspondents, and "splashing" interviews with Lenin and Trotsky.

THE declaration of the Supreme Council goes on to offer us the dazzling prospect of trade with Russia, which is to be "encouraged to the utmost degree possible." Sir Hamar Greenwood officially reminds the press that Russia can and will pay in gold. The "bloody hand" is visibly washing itself in golden soap. Indeed, it has at last definitely secured from the Tchecho-Slovaks in Siberia a whole trainload of this magic cleanser, £65,000,000 of it in solid bars, captured from Admiral Koltchak. It will not have long to wait for recognition. The declaration, however, is not entirely cast in the vein of comedy. Its more serious passages contain a very decided intimation to the Border States to make peace. If they asked for advice, the Allies could not "accept the responsibility of advising them to continue a war which may be injurious to their own interests. Still less would they advise them to adopt a policy of aggression." They will be supported, however, if Russia attacks them "inside their legitimate frontiers." The latter phrase is, we take it, an indirect way of telling the Poles that we shall not support their claims to the present immense region which they hold, three hundred by five hundred miles in extent, beyond their racial boundaries. It appears that the White Government of Hungary has been offering to send an

army of 100,000 men to support a Polish offensive against Russia, in return for arms from the Allies. Luckily it has just begun to dawn on those concerned that Hungary, once they got the arms, would be more likely to use them to recover Slovakia or Transylvania.

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POLAND, to judge from President Pilsudski's interview with the "Matin," may no longer be wholly averse to peace, though she will evidently make gigantic territorial claims. Even then Moscow may not be difficult. It is rapidly liquidating the civil war. Archangel and Murmansk have just been recovered, almost without bloodshed, thanks to the usual mutiny of the White troops. Denikin's little navy in the Caspian has hoisted the red flag, so that his last refuge in Caucasia may now be outflanked from that sea. There is still fighting on this front, but Rostoff-on-the-Don, retaken by Denikin, was promptly recovered by the Reds. The end cannot be many months off, and already all Russia, anticipating peace and trade, is flinging itself into an organized war on "the Labor front" to restore transport and production. Lenin dazzles the world in a very clever interview, with a picture of this intensive struggle for industrial recovery, which is to be based on a gigantic scheme of electrification. Part of the army, instead of being demobilized, has been transformed into a Labor Army, and issues quasi-military *communiqués* to report its prowess in felling trees, building bridges, and repairing locomotives. For two months past, the whole deliberative machinery of newspapers, soviets, trade unions, and commissars has been busy elaborating in full publicity a scheme of industrial conscription. It seems a risky and doubtful policy, but apparently there is a public opinion which realizes that an exceptional effort must be made, and industrial conscription in a Socialist State is free from the reproach that it may benefit the private employer. In spite of some anxiety over Poland's elusive frontiers, these omens are all for peace.

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MR. CHURCHILL'S Army Estimates are nominally for £125,000,000 (220,000 men, apart from India) as compared with a pre-war expenditure of £28,000,000. A fairer budgeting, with a proper allowance for contingencies in those numerous quarters of the world where Mr. Churchill and his like keep things lively, might well have brought them up to £200,000,000, including the Air Service, and excluding the Navy. We are to keep 71,000 men in Mesopotamia, that is to say we treat it as a conquered province, and load it with a ruinously costly garrison. Nevertheless Mr. Churchill has decided to take what he called "an optimistic view," and to look to a reduction of one-half in these Middle East armies of occupation. He spoke throughout as a militarist, rejoicing in the growth of the Air Force, and in "surprising developments in tanks," which have now attained a speed of 20 miles an hour, "a great deal faster than a fox-hound." He boasted of the abolition of conscription, but hinted that "contingencies" might compel us to return to it, and to "bring the irresistible might of Britain into the field." That, we imagine, will be France's requirement (she pressed conscription on us even before the war) if we give her the guarantee for which she asks.

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THE hostile decision of the Privy Council in the Armitas appeals will not help the situation in India. The Judicial Committee have decided that the series of acts and ordinances with which the Indian Government sought to maintain its authority, and to cover the action of the military, were legal. It may be so; though it is

a pity that the opinion of individual judges could not have been recorded, and the grounds of the decision fully stated. But it seems a strong order to set up a Martial Law Commission to try people for acts done before it came into existence, to give it the power of superseding the ordinary Law Courts, and to allow it to "try any person charged with any offence," within the period of its jurisdiction. Is that indeed the due process of law for which the Bill of Rights provides? If so the rights of the subject stand on a slenderer basis than we thought they did. We imagine that the twenty death sentences which were appealed against will be commuted. It would indeed be monstrous if they were carried out after so long a lapse of time.

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WREKIN is very bad. Mr. Palmer, the assistant editor of "John Bull," a Bottomley candidate, in short, has been returned. As usual, the Coalition has been ignominiously defeated, its candidate occupying the now customary place at the bottom of the poll. But Mr. Palmer has beaten Mr. Duncan, the Labor man, by 538 votes. His candidature was a descent from Georgian "stuntism" to the Bottomley variety, with a little old-fashioned Toryism, "on the side of King and Constitution," to give it "body." There is no danger, we imagine, of a Bottomley Party, any more than there was of a Kenealy Party, but erratic electioneering should be corrected, and the remedy for it is to put more knowledge and right feeling into politics. Some Labor candidates are rather too sordid, and some Liberal ones too timid.

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OUR Irish correspondent writes:—

"The streets of Dublin are being made safe for democracy by forbidding their use. Citizens may not now use them by night without the express permission of the occupying army. It is true that the streets are dangerous. Last week a cyclist returning home in the evening failed to stop when called upon by an individual in civilian dress, whereupon a military party, hitherto concealed, opened fire upon him. A few evenings afterwards a lady cycling quietly after and observing a numerous and heavily armed patrol, was arrested for obstruction, detained for some days, and liberated only when the charge was scouted from his court by a common-sense Dublin magistrate. In the last six months, unhappily, six policemen have been shot in Dublin. One of them lost his life in a shooting affray at night, and apparently to prevent the recurrence of these attacks, all traffic at night without special permit is forbidden. How this can effect that purpose is only clear to our military governors."

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"At midnight soldiers take over the duties of the police, supplying, no doubt, those numerous vacancies by resignation from the police force to which the Recorder of Dublin made reference last week. The lorries rattle through the emptying streets and from the police stations the military patrols emerge into blackness with anti-shrapnel helmets and rifles slung to their bicycles. Workmen refuse to expose themselves to the risk of being shot by nervous and half-trained young soldiers in going to and coming from their nightly work. Electricians leave their switch-boards and dynamos, telegraph boys go home betimes; the city is plunged in darkness from 11.30 p.m., Press telegrams are not delivered, the cleansing of the streets, the cattle and vegetable markets are interfered with. And all this that our 'music-hall Samsons' at the Castle may exhibit the mighty development of their biceps for the edification of the Empire before a Parliamentary Delilah shears their locks."

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THE report of the Labor Commission recently in Ireland has been accepted by a joint meeting of the Parliamentary Labor Party and the National Executive at the House of Commons. The report condemns the methods of the Government for the acute unrest there, and for the aversion of the Irish from this country. Instances are quoted of repressive measures which have

had serious economic consequences in addition to the political damage the measures were intended to compass. The advice of the deputation is that the British Government should extend the principle of self-determination to Ireland; but suggests that a time limit, if long enough, would give the Irish the opportunity to recover from the extremity of their present bitter feeling. In the opinion of the deputation, the majority of people in Ireland would accept either of these alternatives: A full measure of Dominion Self-Government, with protection for minorities, questions of foreign relations and armament being reserved for the Imperial Parliament. The Commission do not suggest that this would meet with universal approval in Ireland, but point out that it has the advantage over the Prime Minister's Bill in that it would not provoke general condemnation there, as will his. The other alternative, which would be well supported in Ireland, is that the form of government to be established should be framed by a constituent assembly representing all Ireland, and elected on a system of proportional representation. To this assembly should be given the task of drafting the new constitution, and providing for the protection of minorities.

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THE announcement first made through Admiral de Robeck in Constantinople that the City will be left to the Turks, and at once repeated in India, presents the country and Parliament with a *fait accompli*. The House of Commons is confronted with the familiar dilemma that it must keep silent while policy is *sub judice*, and can speak only when speech is in vain. A most catholic and distinguished body of representative men, professors and clerics, has followed Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Bryce in demanding the complete eviction of the Turks. With the sole exceptions of the "Daily Herald" and the "Daily Express," the press is unanimously on the same side, and even the "Morning Post" deserts the Indian Moslems, because they have been indiscreet enough to associate with Hindoo agitators. The Labor Party alone, in an able reply to the Indian Moslems, officially takes the unpopular side, though Mr. Thomas and some others have spoken in the opposite sense. Meanwhile a tremendous force of British battle-ships has been gathered in the Bosphorus, and landing parties have marched through Stamboul. It seems probable that Mr. Lloyd George, himself a partisan of the "bag and baggage" policy, may so far whittle down the concession announced to the Turks that nothing will be left to them in Europe save the peninsula on which Stamboul itself (the old Turkish quarter of the city) is built. That, it is thought, might placate Turkish sentiment. In these conditions Stamboul would decay, and would serve only as a target to our ships, when the Allies wished to put pressure on the Porte.

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THE rise of prices shows no abatement. After the addition of 2½d. to the cost of a reel of cotton thread, comes the announcement that the bread subsidy will go up to £80,000,000 unless the price of flour is raised to a point at which the cost of the four-pound loaf will be 1s. or 1s. 1d. This opens a vision of new and fierce revolutions of the vicious circle of wages and prices. By comparison, the increased price of tobacco is a trifle, but it is a new focus of resentment. More intangible in their operation, but not less definite in their effects, are the new and arbitrary imposts of the rings which control virtually all building materials. Advances ranging from 15 to 25 per cent., accompanied by a growing stringency in the regulation of supplies, must check the provision of working class and lower middle class dwellings.

THE Board of Trade admits a rise in the cost of living to 135 per cent. above the pre-war levels, with a steady upward tendency. Report after report appears, and inconvenient recommendations are ignored or pigeon-holed. Thus a new inquiry into the sad case of the 10d. reel is started, and the same procedure is applied to the building trade combines. The office of Food Controller is vacant, and it is said that the Cabinet is divided (when is it united?) on the question of control, one section favoring wider powers, the other desiring abolition. The growing complexity of the problem is admitted, and the drastic control of prices and profits demanded by the Labor Party and the Trade Union Congress would involve machinery so intricate as to be unworkable.

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AN English translation of the first part of the Austrian Red Book, printed in Vienna, is now published in this country (G. Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.). It gives a completely uncensored version of the events which led up to the war, down to the delivery of the ultimatum to Serbia. In some respects it corrects certain mistakes current among ourselves. Count Tisza emerges from this group of doomed and purblind men as the one statesman of sobriety and foresight, whose wise counsels might have averted the war. The silliest of the war-makers, after Stürgkh and Berchtold, were actually three Slavs, the Pole Bilinski (now an "Allied" Minister in Warsaw and the sole official survivor among those responsible for the war), and Generals Krobotin and Potiozek. It turns out that Herr von Tschirschky had the text of the ultimatum only two days before it was delivered—in this minor matter Berlin did not lie. The Kaiser emerges, as we expected, as the ally who promised full support from the beginning, and omitted at this stage to utter one syllable of prudence.

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THE main interest of the Red Book lies in the long memorandum on Balkan politics drafted just before the murders, and sent from Vienna to Berlin just after them. It reveals the atmosphere of suspicion and unrest out of which the war fatally arose. Russia's efforts are described to make a new Balkan League against Austria. She had won Roumania: she was angling for Bulgaria, and even for Turkey. She would not rest, it is argued, till she got the Straits. All this was even truer than Vienna knew, for in February, 1914, as the Bolshevik documents show, the Tsar's Council was discussing a forced landing at the Bosphorus, and the sequel of a general European war. The mad Treaty of Bucharest which ended the second Balkan War was the real starting point of the world war. Russia was working for a combination to dismember Austria, and Austria counter-worked for a combination to crush Serbia.

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THE loss of votes to the Labor Party at Ashton and Wrekin may well have been due to the charge that the trade unions are stopping the employment of ex-service men. The anxiety at the Party headquarters accounts for the decision of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress to meet the representatives of the demobilized men so that the question can be discussed, and a friendly agreement reached. Meanwhile the London Building Trades Federation charges the Treasury with holding up a scheme (in which the Federation has co-operated) for the training of disabled men, and the Manchester Building Guild Committee suggests that it will soon be able to offer to build 100,000 houses in the North without dilution.

## Politics and Affairs.

### COLD THOUGHTS ON CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE is a sound old English tradition which most Grand Juries follow. After they have sat through the useless work of returning "true bills," day after day, in a long monotonous list of cases, they almost invariably assert themselves towards the end by letting just one poor devil off. They feel that in so doing they have justified their own existence, and while they have, on the whole, wasted their time, they have at least done one good action. The alarmer half of public opinion is acting somewhat in this spirit in the matter of Constantinople. The whole complex of the Peace Treaties is dimly felt to be a bewildering maze of cynicism and disappointment. We have had to acquiesce in what others did in our name behind closed doors. The more we know of it, the less we like it. But there is little we can do but chafe at our impotence. Rather suddenly, near the end, there comes what looks like the indicated case for self-assertion. It is familiar, for it stirs echoes of old, idealistic, and passionate controversies. Someone gives the lead, and presently, like the Grand Jury after its wasted days of impotence, we are all rushing headlong to make ourselves felt at long last, at least on this one point.

There is a curious junction of forces. People who wanted to hang the Kaiser and people who disdained that amusement, people who dislike the indemnities and people who fear they will never get them, people angry over Fiume and people who have no idea where it is, Jingoos and Pacifists, High Churchmen and Agnostics, Liberals and Tories, the "Morning Post" and the "Daily News," are all uniting to declare that one thing at least must be snatched from the wreck of their hopes. The Sultan must quit Constantinople. It is not a constructive state of mind, and some of its utterances in the advertisement columns of the daily Press are a curious mixture of sentimentality and inconsequence. With all respect to the many able and enlightened men who find themselves in this mixed company, it does not seem to us the most hopeful of movements. There was no such protest over the continuance of the blockade, or over the war on Russia. There is no such movement as yet to arrest the economic ruin of half a continent. The big things escape us, and public opinion asserts itself, with no sense of proportion, over what is a disputable point.

We put forward in these columns during the war our own scheme for a Turkish settlement. It happened to include the ending of Turkish rule in Constantinople. We would have made that glorious city, with all its Imperial memories, the capital of the League of Nations with a small international territory round it. On the other hand, we did not propose to carve up the rest of Turkey into zones of financial penetration and colonization for the victorious Powers. We would have set up the control of the League over the whole Empire for a long term of years, a sharp but beneficent, disinterested, and above all, educative control. We would have thrown it open impartially to all traders (including the Germans), and arranged that no one Power acquired exclusive influence in any single area. We would have tried to build up a system not of territorial, but of cultural autonomy, so that each community, Moslem and Jewish, Greek and Catholic, should manage the widest possible range of its own affairs. The Armenians alone seemed, because of their ghastly sufferings, to call for special treatment outside this plan.

Things have turned out otherwise. The partitions of the Secret Treaties, with their evidently exclusive

concern with strategy and finance, are to be the basis of the settlement. Whatever details finally emerge, we have no belief that they will be based on anything better than economic Imperialism. The League seems too shadowy to want a capital, and it is too much a synonym for the Western Allies to dream of fixing its centre so far from Downing Street and the Quai D'Orsay. The whole prospect is so completely disillusioning, that we find ourselves unable to care, very greatly, what happens at any one point of a map that is all awry.

"But surely" the reader will object, "you care at least about the Armenians?" Assuredly we do, and we shall have something to say about their special case presently. We wish to see their independent Republic fully safeguarded within adequate frontiers and amply endowed. But to import the Armenian question into the issue of Constantinople seems to us not merely irrelevant but dangerous. So far as we can follow the argument, it is one for punishment. "The Turks have done a hideous wrong to this people, and it was in Constantinople that the wrong was plotted. Let us therefore take the city from them." We are the last to make any plea for the Turks in this matter. No excuses based on the historic wrongs which the Turks themselves have suffered from European Imperialism, or even on the fact that the Armenians, like all Eastern peoples, will massacre when they get a chance, avail to blunt the hideous outlines of this crime. Punishment, however, is rarely a rational process, and if we were Armenians, we should pray the Powers to spare us the danger of this particular act of retribution.

Few Englishmen realize how widely scattered the Armenians are throughout Turkey. You will find them even on its Western edge, in Adrianople. They live scattered because they are merchants, bankers, and craftsmen, who must make their living among the duller-witted Turks. Even if by a suitable land policy, you can induce most of the Armenian peasants and some of the craftsmen to concentrate within the Armenian State, the process will take months or years. But we doubt if all, or nearly all, will migrate from the Turkish towns. We predict that the Turks will certainly take their vengeance. If they are driven out of Constantinople because of these hated Giaours, it is only human nature, on this low grade, to make the occasions of their calamity pay for it. We should have supposed that people who think even worse than we do of the Turks would have foreseen this risk. What means of action should we have, after the Sultan had got safely to his remote refuge in inner Anatolia, when the news reached us of slaughters and raids in places which no ship can touch, and no expeditionary corps can reach in time? On the other hand, if you leave the Turk where he is, with your Dreadnoughts anchored off the Sultan's palace garden, you have the means of exerting the sharpest pressure at a moment's notice. The Armenians, moreover, are not the only possible victims. M. Venizelos may get Smyrna, but the Greeks are almost as widely scattered as the Armenians, and for the same reasons they will not all migrate to the Greek zone. Their throats, too, will be in danger, if the Turks, furiously angry, are out of reach of reprisals.

The friends of the Turks have not to our thinking been happy in resting their case on the Caliphate. The Caliph is less and more than a Pope, and Constantinople is not a Moslem Rome. It is not even a sacred city. From the really sacred cities, Mecca, Medina, Damascus, and Jerusalem, the Turks are driven already. The Caliphate has existed in Damascus, Cairo and Bagdad, and might as well go to Brusa. The Caliph himself, in

this least clerical of all religions, is not even a priest. He is a theocrat, the vice-regent of Allah, the power of God on earth, the sword of the Law, and the Commander, not the priestly mediator, of the Faithful. To talk of separating the temporal and spiritual power, or of a Vatican enclave in Stamboul, is to misunderstand Islam entirely. Its whole outlook denies our Western distinction of temporal and spiritual. There is but one world, of earth and heaven, of secular and divine, and over it all the Lord reigneth with a sharp sword. For this view of life there is much to be said, and our civilization may have gone astray by building partitions. But we can see no place for it in our age. Islam has lost the sword, and lost it hopelessly to the scientific peoples. The Caliph became the Kaiser's puppet, and he is our prisoner. No turn of the wheel of fate can set him up again, even in Constantinople, while our ships come and go. A Caliph living at the mouth of a British twelve inch gun could no longer command the faithful. Furthermore, the prime function of the Caliph in peace is to guard the pilgrimage to the Holy Cities. The Foreign Office ended all that (unwisely as we thought and said at the time) when it set up the King of the Hedjaz in Mecca. The Caliphate is now an obsolete anomaly, but it would be rather less absurd in Anatolia than on the Bosphorus.

None the less, while we think the Caliphate line of argument unconvincing, there lies a deep, substantial, disquiet behind it. What Moslems really feel is that, one by one, every independent Moslem State is being destroyed. The whole of North Africa has been subjugated in one generation. Persia is going. Turkey is all but gone. They feel it in India at the moment all the more keenly because of our doings at Amritsar. Lord Bryce, denying that they feel it, seems strangely unaware of what is happening. Moslems and Hindoos have united in congresses on this issue. Moslems have even stopped sacrificing cows, so as not to offend the feelings of their brother Indians. The feeling sweeps over the old difference of Sunni and Shiah, and even includes those who are not "People of the Book." He is blind who does not see that it is the East which is uniting against the West, the subject Orientals against Imperialism. Constantinople is only a symbol, and even if it be spared, the feeling will live. It will live while we dominate Persia and "protect" Egypt, while we leave General Dyer untried and Lord Chelmsford unrejudged, and while the French tread down the national hopes of the Syrians. It will in Turkey take the form of Mustapha Kamel's nationalist movement, and it may link up with the Bolsheviks, if we refuse them peace. In so far as it fixes its gaze on Constantinople, it may be irrational, but when was deep feeling rational? To our thinking the Turks would have some chance of real independence if they lost the city. They have none while they keep it, with foreign guns to back the foreign financiers. The fact remains that they do not perceive this themselves. If we trample on their feelings there will certainly be trouble. We repeat, however, that it is not only in Stamboul, but mainly in Cairo and Teheran and Delhi, that this angry sense of subjection must be placated.

These days have revealed deep feeling in England over the Armenians. The Armenians have indeed during the past year been in grave danger of renewed massacre. We refused them any military help, while we squandered it on Denikin. They have been starving in a plight worse even than that of the Viennese. No one agitated about that, and the help they have got has been inadequate. It was only a month ago that their Republic at last was "recognized." We hold that it

will not help them, and may grievously hurt them, to punish the Turks by evicting them from Constantinople. What we would urge is that the boundaries of the Armenian State must be fixed at once. Like all intensely nationalist peoples, the Armenians are claiming too much. They never were a majority in Turkish Armenia, even before the first Hamidian massacres. We agree, however, that their tragic history gives them a claim to ample territory within which they can grow. There ought to be an assisted and endowed movement of migration, to bring as many as possible of their scattered stock within the frontiers of their State.

It is to be foreseen that there will occur the usual stampede of the Moslem inhabitants, half panic-flight and half expulsion, from Christian territory. It ought to be directed, so that any Moslem who wishes to go may receive the value of his lands. The ideal arrangement would be a criss-cross exchange between Armenian immigrants and Moslem emigrants. We should not scruple even to evict some of the Moslem inhabitants, provided that good lands are found for them in the rest of Turkey. The Armenians will not be good rulers of a mixed population, and one cannot expect them to forget their past. They will want monetary and also military help, and for some years, it may be, ought to have direction from expert officials. If half the steam expended on avenging the Armenians could be directed to helping them, they should prosper exceedingly. On the whole, then, we see no clear gain in upsetting the decision of the Supreme Council, and we reflect that if in this matter we oppose official France she will certainly expect to be "compensated." The compensation might turn out to be something much more mischievous than the present concession.

#### THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

It is not correct to say that the Army Estimates are the price we pay for the policy pursued by our Government and its Allies at Paris. They are only an advance instalment of the price. In the first place they are assessed on the most favorable expectations; on the assumption that there is going to be peaceful and undisturbed development of all our plans. It is taken for granted that we shall be able to remove within six months the 23,000 troops at present stationed round Constantinople: that we shall be able to reduce our garrisons in Mesopotamia and Palestine by one-half within the financial year. At present those garrisons consist of 10,000 white and 13,000 Indian soldiers and 17,000 white and 44,000 Indian soldiers respectively. The "Times" points out quite justly that a continuance of disturbed conditions between the Bosphorus and Baluchistan, and a few minor expeditions into the wilds of Kurdistan and North-West Persia, would run up our military expenditure very quickly to two hundred millions, or a sum equivalent to the total of our last pre-war budget. It requires no minute knowledge of the state of the Middle East to realize that the prospect of trouble is infinitely more probable than the prospect of peace. We have increased our army from 175,000 to 220,000, and we are setting up in addition a second army for foreign service. But even these heavy burdens will not suffice for the policy we have adopted.

The statesmen who met at Paris had to decide between two courses. The world was in their hands. They had the choice of remoulding it in the spirit of the League of Nations or of re-establishing the old régime with a different distribution of the world's

property. The nations that had fought and bled expected the first; the statesmen willed the second. They willed the second with their eyes open, and Mr. Churchill tells us that the best brains in our army are now at work on the processes of chemical warfare. The old armed diplomacy, with its atmosphere of tension and fear, will be more terrible than war because of the lessons men have learned in the art of torture. Was this the future to which the workers and fighters looked? Nothing has shown so dramatically as this sequel to our victory that the mass of men are powerless to impose their wishes on their rulers. Within two months of the declaration from President Wilson which had made him the hero of the democracies of Europe, Paris had become a Thieves' Kitchen, where the morality of diplomatists had descended to a standard that made the Congress of Vienna look respectable. This was inevitable, because if the leaders of the Allies could not rise to the conception of a League of Nations, they would find themselves practising the old tricks with far greater prizes in prospect than those for which their fathers had pursued their intrigues. The Peace Conference was bound to be much better or much worse than its predecessors.

For this tragedy our rulers bear an overwhelming responsibility. How many men or women in these islands think that the oil resources of Persia or the diplomatic advantages we gain by our unscrupulous treaty are worth a war? How many of them think that the occupation of Mesopotamia, with the opportunity of the enrichment of private persons by speculation in her industrial development, are worth a war? How many of them think that it was worth a war to snatch a Protectorate over Egypt or to keep and tighten our hold on Cyprus? Our rulers considered that each of these results was worth a war, for though they did not put it in that blunt fashion to themselves, they preferred to pursue a policy in each case in which the old aims of national ambition excluded the alternative idea of the League of Nations. The prosecution of a similar policy by each Power followed as a matter of course. M. Briand asks in the French Chamber why France is to do so poorly out of the war, and the French papers argue that England has gained everything she desired; she has destroyed a rival sea Power and a commercial competitor, and she has acquired immense territory and privilege in the Middle East, in Africa, and in the Pacific. What has France to set off against such glowing acquisitions? So the process goes on. The leaders of the Allies adopted a principle (the principle of division of the spoils with its corollary of compensations and balances), with a result which, so far from re-uniting the world, has brought disunion into their own ranks. We see the results in the months of wrangling over every question in Europe and in Asia which made up the lingering and inglorious history of the Peace Conference. We shall feel the results in the next few years in a growing strain of revolt and maybe of despair.

Mr. Churchill took credit to his Government for having abolished conscription, contrasting our position with that of other Governments. He can scarcely expect anyone to take this assumption of virtue very seriously, as he tells us that armaments depend upon policy, and hints that conscription may be reintroduced should the state of foreign affairs require it. No nation in the world is so conspicuously engaged in a policy that demands armaments as our own. Ireland, Egypt, India, the Middle East; look where we will the story is the same. Mr. Churchill himself does not conceal his regret that we have at last abandoned his policy of guns, tanks, and poison gas for Russia and that we are on the

point of allowing the Russian hospitals to receive drugs and anaesthetics from abroad. Our treatment of Ireland is the most wilful case in the modern world of the denial of freedom. If Belgium is keeping up a conscript army it is not to beat down a neighbor; it is presumably because she believes the British Government when it argues that Germany is still so dangerous that we must have a special treaty with France to keep her in check. We maintain our fleet at the height of its pre-war strength, although the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea, and our army is at present not very much larger than the army we had before the world was made safe for democracy. But what is it going to be in the future? We are acquiring new and almost infinite responsibilities in the world. We have only a brigade at present in Persia. What will happen if there is another Persian nationalist movement? And does anybody think that it is going to be an easy and simple thing to keep order in Mesopotamia and Palestine? To talk of an army of a few thousands is absurd unless it is that we hope to keep order by terrorism of the air. Are we going to trust to "frightfulness" and so save our army estimates? If so, we are preparing the worst catastrophe of all.

The only escape from this intolerable situation is to make the League of Nations a reality, to admit Russia, Germany, and Austria to it without a needless hour's delay, and to substitute the help of the League for the help of individual Powers wherever this can fairly be done. If we argue that because we are in India we must be in Mesopotamia and in Persia, we are making a claim on the ground of our Imperial interests which inevitably provokes similar claims elsewhere. The more you have the more you need; the larger the possessions the further you push your strategical frontier. Every Empire has its Hindenburg line in some remote territory. We could break this vicious circle if we were ready to substitute the League of Nations for British garrisons and to allow the East to use the experience and help of the West without this dangerous tutelage to a single Power. What are the obstacles? Fear and pride. We are afraid of everybody, including our present Allies, and we cling to the legend of the Great Power. No Government can take office and reduce armaments which cannot free itself from this whole habit of thought and call upon the League to devise a system for giving help, financial and administrative, to the Arabs of the Middle East without prejudice or priority to one Power or another. We are setting up a political system that cannot last. It will either be superseded by our voluntary and deliberate choice of a better method or it will dissolve in ruin and anarchy. In the one case we shall construct the League of Nations; in the other we shall pass with our Allies into bankruptcy. Is there enough leadership in our Western societies to save Europe from this collapse?

#### THESE PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

By MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS.

##### I.

WHETHER or not the Great War has released the immense flood of criticism on every subject, which is the feature of the moment, or whether, as is probable, a position would in any case have been reached by this time in which a large majority of the world's population must have become profoundly dissatisfied with their lot, is no doubt arguable. But that such a position has arrived surely no one would deny. Even the hard-shelled Tory, if he be anything at all of a realist, must admit that,

reasonably or otherwise, his opponents are making the working of that pre-war world to which his eyes turn back with longing, and to the restoration of which his energies are bent, an arduous and uncomfortable undertaking; while the audacious seekers after that New World so confidently promised as the logical consequence of a victorious peace, seem united on one subject only—the determination to make the old one as uncomfortable as possible for everybody.

Viewed dispassionately, therefore, it seems fair to assume that we really are on the eve of great, even fundamental, changes; that, while change must come, it is childish to believe that any sort of change will do; and, in consequence, to grant that it is of vital importance to know what is amiss with civilization, as a preliminary to prescribing for the malady.

There are already a number of popular remedies on the market—there is State Socialism, for instance. State Socialism, however, is a little under a cloud—most people are more anxious to learn how it can be avoided, than conspicuously eloquent on its merits. The orthodox, or rather, Majority, Guild Socialists, for example, explain that the nationalization which the miners want is something quite different from that which Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabian Society want, and are concerned very largely to assure their followers that, under Guildism, there will be no bureaucracy, or at any rate, there will be quite a new kind of bureaucrat, warranted free from any of the old world characteristics on which many people hold strong opinions. And there is Bolshevism, the Russian “menace”—mysterious, misunderstood, maligned by one side, and fanatically idealized by another.

But it is a curious fact that almost the only feature that these prescriptions for the disease of the body politic have in common is that they are all more or less novel systems of *administration*, i.e. they assume that a new mechanism is required. It is quite true that they are uniformly introduced to our attention by moral and metaphysical arguments of an exalted nature, but the concrete embodiment of these sentiments seems to suggest that the whole problem is to design a social structure which will still more effectually subordinate mankind to it, rather than that he might be enabled progressively to conquer the machine which now enslaves him.

Before breaking up the wonderful machine of civilization and industry as we know it, therefore, it is well to remember that there is *prima facie* evidence that, considered simply as a machine, it is deserving of a high degree of respect. By its aid all the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have materialized, nor can the misuse which has been made of some of them be laid to its discredit. An organization which permits a coolie in India to grow rice and jute in the certain knowledge that cotton fabric from Manchester will accrue to him as a result, is a good organization *per se*, and there is absolutely nothing in the published plans of any Socialist body which offers the slightest prospect of replacing effectively the arrangements which at present enable such co-ordination of effort to function. If, therefore, we are in possession of an effective mechanism, built up by centuries of trial and error, we want to be very sure that our difficulties arise from the system as a whole before becoming irrevocably committed to its destruction.

There is another aspect of the question, however, which has only an indirect connection with administrative mechanism, and that is policy. Now, as that sturdy patriot, Sir Marcus Samuel, observed the other day, as he made the price of petrol four times what it is in America, there is no use in mincing matters. There are only two Great Policies in the world to-day—Domination and Freedom. Any policy which aims at the establishment of a complete sovereignty, whether it be of a Kaiser, a League, a State, a Trust or a Trades Union, is a policy of Domination, irrespective of the fine words with which it may be accompanied; and any policy which makes it easier for the individual to benefit by association, without being constrained beyond the inherent necessities of the function involved in the association, is a policy of Freedom.

As between these two policies, there could be no greater mistake made than to assume that all would-be reformers are aiming at freedom, though many of them, no doubt, honestly think that they are. The fanatical Labor theorist, who would deny the right to live to any person not engaged in orthodox toil, quite irrespective of the facts of wealth production; the Trust magnate who intrigues for Prohibition because it reduces his premium for Workman's Compensation Insurance, or corners an essential article under the pretext of efficient production, are, no less than the medieval ecclesiastics who burned men's bodies that their souls might live, practical exponents of salvation by compulsion. It may be worth while, therefore, to see whether the industrial and social machine, as now operated, may not be equally the instrument of either policy.

As to every-day, practical, individual freedom, it will no doubt be granted that any man or woman who, at the present time is in possession of a stable income of the “unearned” description, of, say, £1,000 per annum, is economically free, i.e., such a person is sure of a reasonably high standard of life, even though his opinions may be highly distasteful to a large number of people.

This statement is only true, however, so long as the general level of the prices of those articles which are actually used to make the standard of living, i.e., ultimate commodities, remains as at present. But let us imagine that the control of all housing came into the hands of one man, who bought each house at ten times the present market cost, obtaining the (no doubt fabulous) sum of money required by means of an overdraft at the banks, based on his ability, under the circumstances, to make the rents of houses ten times what they are now, then this statement would no longer be true. Our hypothetical freeman would once again have become a slave because his necessities would force him to obtain more “money” on any terms imposed by those in control of it. The essential thing which would have happened is that a Housing Trust would have come into possession of the whole of the *credit-value* attaching to the demand for houses, and would have been able to make any price for a house, so long as that price enabled the Trust to retain the bank-credit with which the house was bought.

We may observe that in this simple example, we have a complete instance of the embodiment of two diametrically opposite policies, the machinery permitting either of them, so far as we have seen, to become effective. The only essential to the complete ascendancy of the hypothetical Trust (which might, and probably would be not only economic, but moral and intellectual) is that it should centralize the credit, and retain the power of price-making. In order to make the analysis of any value, however, we have both to ascertain whether such a centralization of credit is probable, whether the function of price-making is indissolubly attached to it, and whether, in the first place, our economic freeman had any “right” to be in possession of “unearned” income (and so may be the prototype of the New Citizen), or whether it was merely obtained at the expense of someone else, as the orthodox Socialist would have us believe.

(To be continued.)

[We, of course, retain complete freedom of opinion as to Major Douglas's conclusions.—Ed., NATION.]

### THE NEW HORRORS OF WAR.

ONE of the naval essays rewarded with a prize by the Royal United Service Institution recognized submarine raiding against commerce as a necessary factor in future wars. Amongst other things the writer laid it down that:—

“Attacking enemy commerce is a legitimate act of war.”

“The question of sinking enemy merchant ships on sight is perfectly justifiable; such ships form part of the lines of communication. As for sinking neutral ships, that is chiefly a question of policy. If the neutral

is one to be feared, then it is naturally bad policy to arouse his indignation."

"The Germans acted up to their principle and sank many ships without warning. Such a definite rule for submarine warfare is undoubtedly the best."

"To abolish the submarine would be to compromise. This is generally fatal to strategy. If war is to be abolished these idealists should banish all armaments. The other alternative is to be provided with every weapon which modern science can devise, whether it has been banned by Hague Conventions or not."

So much for one of the new horrors of warfare, denounced as a barbarous atrocity when it was employed against us, but now evidently on its way to be recognized as one of the ordinary resources of "civilized warfare."

Another of these horrors is evidently on its way to the same recognition. When on April 22nd, 1915, the enemy drove in the Allied line north of Ypres by losing off clouds of "poison gas," words could hardly be found to denounce this new piece of scientific barbarism. In the following autumn at Loos the Allies themselves employed it, but with some sort of apology, on the ground that it was retaliation, which the Germans had drawn upon themselves. Then it became a normal weapon, with the occasional expression of pious hopes that after the war all nations would renounce and condemn it, though the question might not be very important, for, after all, this was a "war to end all war."

An official publication has since told us that this idea of a war that would bring everlasting peace was one of our illusions. Military experts are discussing the possibilities of the next war, while, despite treaties of peace, there is a good deal of fighting still in progress in the world. "Poison gas" has come into its own, and the only question that appears to trouble the experts is how to use it most effectively.

An American general has described it as a "humane method" of warfare. From a recent discussion at the Royal Society of Medicine on the pathology of war-gas poisoning one gathers that the general is mistaken. During this debate the effects of the various gases were described—chlorine, producing widespread injury to the lungs; dichlorethylsulphide ("mustard gas"), scorching the skin and air-passages, affecting the eyes and producing temporary blindness, and often leaving chronic bronchitis as an after-effect on recovery; and phosgene damaging both heart and lungs. "Medically speaking, the use of poison gas has added incalculably to the horrors of war," is the final verdict. And these incalculable horrors are to be a permanent feature of "civilized war." The current number of the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution," just issued, contains the full text of a paper on "The Possibilities of the Next War," by General Sir Louis Jackson, who was in charge of gas production during the late war, and Director of Trench Warfare and Supplies. He recognizes that "there is a great prejudice against the use of gas," but argues—

"There is, however, no more need to bar the use of gas generally, because certain gases cause unnecessary suffering, than there is to forbid rifles in order to prevent the use of dum-dum bullets. There are gases which can give a quite sudden and painless death, and others, again, which cause death with far less suffering than, say, a shell wound. It is easy to conceive cases in which it would be more humane to use gas than explosive shells."

It is true that the use of gas is forbidden by the League of Nations, but Sir Louis doubts if the prohibition will be effective. And in the discussion that followed we find Viscount Peel, the Under-Secretary of State for War, saying:—

"The problem of ethics in war is an extremely difficult one. I do not think that anyone who has read the various usages of war, as regards lethal weapons and so on, can draw any clear and distinct principle from them. As Sir Louis Jackson has said with regard to gas, it was its novelty, and perhaps the fact that unnecessary cruelty accompanied the first emission of gas, that really turned public opinion against it, because on principle it is extremely difficult to see why you should not kill a man with matter in one stage rather than another. If you can kill a man with a solid, why should you not kill a man with a gas; and if you can

kill a man with a gas, why should you not kill a man with a liquid?"

It is difficult to see what is meant by the "unnecessary cruelty" of the first gas attack. Chlorine was then used, but "mustard gas" and phosgene seem to be just as cruel. To this day, in the second year after the armistice, men suffering from the effects of "mustard gas" are still under treatment in London. The argument on "principle" might be pushed to strange consequences. If you can poison the air men breathe, why may you not poison the wells and streams from which they drink? If you can ruin their lungs, air-passages and hearts with poison gas, why may you not spread deadly infection with microbes? Hitherto the usages of war have recognized a general principle that the use of some means of spreading death and injury is "foul play," unworthy of the Christian or the civilized soldier. How is this ideal to be maintained?

We have, indeed, a strange forecast of the gas warfare of the near future in a book by Lieut.-Colonel Fuller, Chief General Staff Officer of the Tank Corps, "Tanks in the Great War":—

"Fleets of fast-moving tanks, equipped with tons of liquid gas, against which the enemy will probably have no protection, will cross the frontier, and obliterate every living thing in the fields and farms, the villages and cities of the enemy's country. While life is being swept away around the frontier, fleets of aeroplanes will attack the enemy's great industrial and governing centres. All these attacks will be made against the civil population, in order to compel it to accept the will of the attacker."

Here we have poison gas frankly recognized as the coming weapon—a weapon to be used on a colossal scale, not merely against fighting men, but against the civil population. It is to "obliterate every living thing" within its range in field and farm, village and city, destroying young and old, men, women and children, cattle and domestic animals, and the wild creatures of field and forest. One thinks of the Apocalyptic vision of the rider on the pale horse whose "name was Death and Hell followed with him." But here we have neither vision nor dream, but the studied forecast made by a scientific soldier. And these horrors are recognized as the features of coming wars, two years after the time when the flower of European manhood was being sacrificed in the "war that would end all war."

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I HAVE never known an election more generally popular than that of Mr. Asquith. Gladstone's first return for Midlothian excited greater enthusiasm, but in that case the feeling was Liberal and humanitarian, rather than national. Mr. Asquith's return is acclaimed by Liberals, Conservatives, and a great number of Labor men, because for a variety of reasons it is thought to be not only a necessary, but a wise and proper decision. Mr. Asquith had been put out of Parliament by a trick, and the moment he was excluded it was felt what a wrong had been done to the country, and to its demand, at a critical period, for a fair representation of opinions, as well as for guidance by its natural and accredited leaders. Liberalism had been "done in," though it had much to say as to the right governance of the country and of European society, and Mr. Asquith, with his intellectual distinction and unequalled experience, had been put out of action when he was most wanted. This was folly in politics: in the way of personal treatment it was a shame.

THE events of the last year have given fresh point to this criticism of the strategy of the general election.

People are sick of the Georgian whirligig. Cynicism defeats itself when in the everlasting battle between God and His enemies all principles are ignored, and the directors of policy take any side that comes uppermost. Moreover, the *personnel* of the Government is extremely unpopular. It is felt that the country is in the hands of "a set," who have too much power and often use it badly and unscrupulously, and are insensitive to the finer traditions of government. Hence the rally to Mr. Asquith, not only of the Liberal Party, but of the high-minded Liberal-Conservatives, led by Lord Robert Cecil. Furthermore, and to many of the governing minds of the nation, Asquith's candidature at Paisley was a flag. It has been impossible to go into any society, however constituted, without finding that irrespective of present shades of opinion, his return to Parliament was strongly willed. It is not Paisley only which chose Mr. Asquith. It was Paisley *cum* Great Britain.

PAISLEY has another kind of virtue. It is medicine against the fever of Wrekin. It is clear that Labor, with all its promise, is not in itself strong enough to guard the country against a descent to an even coarser "stuntism" than that of Mr. Lloyd George. It is too young; and its larger projects frighten a portion of the electorate, and drive it into the sorry fold of a Bottomley candidature. Rotten as such propaganda is, it thrives for an hour because of the lack of a steady intelligence, a careful and authoritative survey of the field of politics. I thought that Mr. Asquith's approach to some coming problems of politics, such as the nationalization of mines, over-cautious, and inadequate. But it is necessary to have governing minds such as his at work on the business of reconstruction. And it is vital that he should be in Parliament during the whole of its long debate on the European situation, as a check to the extravagance and wilfulness, the dictatorial temper and perpetual vagaries, of the Prime Minister. He has pledged himself to the revision of the Treaty. He speaks on that subject as the most important leader of the Opposition, who directed the country in the vital years of the war, and quite possibly as the harbinger of a victorious anti-Coalitionism.

MR. WEBB has not recanted his article in "The New Republic," but he has tried to explain it without greatly bettering his case. It was easy to imagine what his defence would be. He did not really want a Labor-George combine; he only thought it might happen. "Your ambition," he would say to the Trade Unionists and Labor leaders, "is to win a majority in Parliament and govern the country with it. For that purpose you must raise an election fund of a million. You cannot? I am very sorry, but in that case you must make a treaty with Mr. Lloyd George. Of course, the understanding will be that he carries out your policy—a mere matter of arrangement." That is the argument of the article. But the contention, or anything like it, seems to me at once cynical and inept. In the first place you will never constitute and hearten a great political movement if you threaten it with failure or compromise at the opening of its venture. In the second place, what does Mr. Webb propose about finance and organisation? And in the third place what, apart from the Tories and the Jingoists, is Mr. Lloyd George's party? Does Mr. Webb really imagine that having rejected an electoral *sous-entendu* with Liberalism (which after all has some affinities with Labor) he will get the Left Wing of his party to conclude it with Mr. George? What measure

of trust or strength and sincerity of purpose, or even of common honesty, could come from such an association? And what reason has Mr. Webb to think that (when it comes to programme-making) he can lead Mr. Lloyd George by the nose? That gentleman is just as wary as Mr. Webb, and has a rather more extensive experience of the ways of the world.

MAYBE Mr. Webb thinks (or hopes) that the Labor Party will never need to come to a deal with Mr. George, and that the threat of it will be useful as a spur to his Million Fund. But there is a certain *naïveté* in Mr. Webb's character which accompanies and adorns his political strategy. Personally the most disinterested and modest of men, and with a political conception well above that of the wages-and-hours school, Machiavellianism in tactics is ever his *forte*. Everything is to be "managed." Eschew idealism and keep questions of principle in the background, "permeate" one party and cajole another, preach State Socialism as if it were a dull (if new) kind of vestrydom, and one day the nation will find itself committed to the whole doctrine, walking the road and never once realizing the goal to which it was travelling. I doubt whether much would be changed in Mr. Webb's State. There would be rather more officials in it, and (possibly) fewer profiteers. But most of the old ills would remain; for Mr. Webb is a good deal of an Imperialist, and to him Peace, Disarmament, International Justice, are names rather than things, and only sentimentalists would waste time and effort on them. He is, in a word, a bureaucrat; one of the best, ablest, and finest of his class. And if he directs the strategy of the Labor movement without a strong infusion of idealism from the Left Wing, he will run it aground.

I SHOULD turn a rather sceptical eye on the South African despatches about the unruly native and the alarming strikes in the Transvaal. It would be more to the purpose to ask how it was possible for the natives to keep quiet under the policy of proscription and servitude which is being applied to them. Their friends here always feared that under the Union the more liberal native policy of the Cape would go. This is what is happening. Some of its best friends are dead; the rest, I suppose, are silent and discouraged. The Transkei is now to be made into a mere location, subject to an administrator, and the natives lose their right of representation in Parliament. As for strikes, they are practically impossible under the bewilderingly complicated pass laws, to which additions are continually being made. Of course, the native is discontented, cut out as he is from the hope of bettering himself, adrift from his old business of land-tilling and cattle-rearing, and seeing the soil of South Africa parcelled out in the proportion of over 87 per cent. to the million whites and about 12 per cent. for the five million blacks. The Kaffirs strike nearly everyone who comes into contact with them from Europe as a fine and loveable race. But they have spirit, and they will never be either happy or quiet under the steam-roller which is now being run over them.

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast in journalism than Lord Russell and Leigh Hughes. Russell was dignity itself; his grave presence was in itself an exaltation of his craft. Hughes was pure fun; and his wit flew at everything it saw. Russell in politics was a hero-worshipper. Gladstone realised his idea of what a statesman should be, and he wanted no other.

Hughes could hardly conceive a politician who was not ridiculous; and though a strong Liberal, he chose the victims of his irreverence impartially. Russell was an excellent writer, his fine, unemphatic, and direct style eschewed *clichés*, and if his line of thought was a little obvious, its expression did not fall short of distinction. His strong point I always thought to be theatrical criticism. His fine, almost fastidious, taste made an early discovery of Irving, whose fortune he practically made. In his younger career, no one on the London press had anything like Russell's gift of dramatic analysis, or attempted to discriminate as he did between the distinguished and the commonplace; Clement Scott's style was mere scene-painting in comparison. Russell was a most kind and honorable man, devoid of vanity, rancor, or guile, and of a really perfect demeanor.

HUGHES, in the nature of things, could leave no memorial behind. His personality was of the hour; he tossed his wit about as an affable monarch showers gold pieces on his subjects. Yet he worked methodically, collecting from scores of unknown sheets (especially from parish magazines) the curious follies with which he played in his "Sub Rosa." His wit, genuine and original as it was, was rarely linked up with ideas, or with a deep ironical or pathetic view of life, still less with poetry. It was wit for wit's sake; sometimes merely verbal, but mostly springing from a thread of humorous observation of politicians and their ways. He thought nothing of his gifts, and, Bohemian to the core, despised the climbers and their arts. His good nature made a real sun around him; he dispensed its graces with a lavish hand, and yet it was his pitfall.

EPSTEIN'S Christ is modelled so powerfully, and its execution is so firm and self-confident, that I suppose it satisfied its author; but I could not help wishing, as I looked round on the wonderful things that surround it, that he had left it out of the Gallery in Leicester Square. Whether it be that Epstein, with all his gifts, lacks the most spiritual kind of imagination and that, conceiving Christ as a kind of self-concentrated Stoic, he set to work deliberately to construct such a face and figure, whether he had an almost hostile view of the personality of Jesus, or whether, on the other hand, he worked in this vein without fully realizing what he did, I cannot say. The skill is quite extraordinary. But it is used to produce an effect of repulsion. The eyes are full of light, but it is so cold, and the impression of intellectual pride is so heightened by the protruding lower lip, and the scornful lines of the nose, that I imagined Epstein to be thinking of the legend of Christ's descent from a Greek, and leaving all poetry out of his character, meant to exhibit him as the Accuser rather than the Savior of mankind. I could not otherwise explain the hard gesture with which, pointing to his wounded hand (the hand of a surgeon rather than a philanthropist), Christ seems to convict the world of the error (hardly in that case the sin) of Calvary. The figure might have been Caesar's accusing the ghost of Brutus, hardly Christ's forgiving his murderers. But, again, if Christ was really that sort of person, what did it all matter? Pilate and the Sanhedrim might even have been right in ridding the world of such an annoying piece of self-sufficiency.

By a misprint the reference to a passage in Dr. Jowett's speech at a luncheon appeared as an allusion to his sermon in the Cathedral.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### ON RULING AN EMPIRE.

(From the "Postboy," a famous Broadsheet of 17—.)

GREAT Empires have need of stout Soldiers; and They who would rule them, having Colonies to keep, should consider that as we won these Lands by Force, and by no means with the consent of the Folk who inhabit them, it is well to choose hardy Fellows, who learned their Trade in Flanders, or the Indies, and will not be put upon by Blacks. For it is ever the fault of States that are plagued with Demagogues to think overmuch of such Praters of Liberty, and to give them Tongue, when a Gag, and a Strait Waistcoat, and a File of Red-coats, would best serve their Turn. More especially is this to be remembered when having conquered and divided a great Number of Native Princes and Territories, it happens that their Pundits cite our example, and ask whether it be not good enough for them. To which it will be enough to answer that Freedom is for those that enjoy her Favors, and that there is one Climate of the Thames and another of the Brahmaputra.

And let none who make Empires be stayed by such nonsensical Examples as that of Julius Cæsar, who paid Court to the Gauls and sat in their General Assemblies. For when did the Stronger bend to the Weaker, save for a Purpose, or be brought to Argument when the Sword would do as well? Were it so, and a Famine should break out in your Dominions, or a Pestilence, or the Population go down and the Public Charges go up, so that the Peasants' Crops were on Mortgage, and the People reduced to sore Straits, any Hilding or Spouter might lay it to your Account. Therefore it were better to put your Trust in Muskets, and straight-shooters behind them under good Discipline and trained to fire at Sight, and also in Hand Grenades and long Cannon, that in a dozen Discharges will rid you of more Rebels than fifty Proclamations.

And should some Levellers urge that your Dependents came of as ancient a Stock as you, and their civilized State earlier, or that they match you as Politicians, Lawyers, Orators, Sages, Merchants, Makers of curious Stuffs and Weavers of fine Cloths, or that they excel in Brasswork and other Fine Arts, or that their Men fight in your Armies and their Princes honor your King and subscribe to your Wars, give them the short Answer that it is for them to obey and You to rule. For it is ever the Whites that govern Black or Brown or Yellow, they being by Nature, and in their daily Practise, unmatched by all other Races in Humanity, Contenance, Gentleness to Man and Beast, Temperance, Modesty, Meekness, Long-sufferingness, Forgiveness of Injuries, Inclination to Peace, and Hatred of Brawling and Frightfulness in War. But it will be simpler to clinch the Matter with a Text, and to such as plead the Roman Custom (that had no regard to Color in the ordering of their Colonies) to ask: "Would you follow the Pagans, who knew not the true God?"

Most of all must you look to the training of your Soldiers and civil Officers in this respect—that they hold themselves apart from the Natives, and neither frequent the same Coffee-houses, nor have Bite or Sup together. Yet is there no Call for Churlishness. So that your Men sit on the Greater Councils, let them have Entry to the Lesser, and when you have filled the best Seats in the Stage-coaches, it will be a civil Act to leave them the remainder. As for those Fanaticks who preach that all Colors are the same before God, or that Men are born to serve each other rather than to play Lord and Slave, let them have no voice in your Schools and Universities. For if Brown and White live there in Peace and Harmony, so might Master and Man in a desert Island, yet when the Party wins safely Home again, your Footman will still be standing behind your Chair.\* So in your Dependency let all have their Place, and for the

\* Seemingly a Forecast of the theme of "The Admirable Crichton."

Customs, Laws, History, Arts, Characters, Feelings, Traditions, Superstitions, of the Natives, let the curious study them if they will, but 'tis no matter for their Governors. For if a young Gentleman, with the Down on his Chin, and the mark of the Cane on his last Breech but one, cannot order a Province-full of them, either there is no Virtue in him or he has gone to School to Milksops and Pedants. So, too, in the Advancement of your Service he will have the most Honor who has shown the Rudest Temper, taking no thought, so he get the Salaams of the People, to gain their Loves.

Should your Subjects, being thus entreated, be of a surly Mood, and raise a Hullabaloo of Liberty for their Press and Orators, and your Soldiers fire at their Mobs, and chance to kill or wound a Handful, there may be no holding them. And then will be the Occasion to show the Loftiness and Magnanimity of your Spirit. For let these Fellows be no more in Terror of you, and you may whistle for your Empire. For this Reason he that discovers a new Catapult, or an Air-Machine, to rain Death on their Caucusses,\* or a Musket that can scatter Balls like a Hurricane, is worth more to your Dominion than a bag-full of Constitution-mongers. For They being many and You but few, you must hope to hold them by your Inventions, whereby fifty Grenadiers can tame a Concourse of ten thousand, so be it that they are unarmed. Thus at the rate of one Hundred of their Lives to one of Yours, you will soon bring them to Reason. And should some puling Philanthropist cry out on you, lay him by the Heels, and see to it that no Huckster of the Law rake over his musty Precedents and confound your Sharp-shooting with some old-fangled Bill or Charter of Rights. For it is ever the fault of our Nation to heed its Ranters, and lend an Ear to that Cant and Jargon of Humanity by which Men pretend that no People is so good and virtuous as to be fit to rule another.

#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GREATNESS.

THE ruin which has overtaken Europe is almost beyond the reach of imagination. Few English people have seen it for themselves, still fewer have seen more than a point here and there in the immense field of destruction, and we have nothing in our normal experience by which to infer the whole. We are thrown back upon the second-hand experience of history, and indeed the downfall of the four empires which, in differing degrees and with widely different prospects, had maintained some kind of law and order over vast areas of the Eurasian continent, cannot fail to remind us of the memorable downfall of the Empire of Rome. The parallel might be drawn out interminably, and the mind soon wearies of delineations in so dark a shade; but in the contemporary picture our attention is arrested by the peculiar blackness of one spot, the city of Vienna. The sufferings of Vienna have a poignancy that surpasses the general degree; they are not unworthy of comparison with the sufferings of Ancient Rome, and when we begin to compare them we find ourselves on the track of a remarkable historical parallel.

The fate of Vienna, though appalling, is not unique in the history of the world, for Rome went through the same tribulation at the close of the sixth century after Christ. Ancient Rome was the capital of Italy for 800 years and of the world for 500 before she fell on evil days, and her population, possibly equal in actual numbers to that of modern Vienna, was certainly greater proportionately to the average density of population in the sixth century and to the economic development of the time. Yet Rome, after seeing her empire overrun, and after being ravaged by the seventeen years' war between the Imperial Government and the Ostrogoths, in which the ancient capital passed violently from hand to hand and became the very focus of the military operations—after these preliminary miseries which Vienna has been spared, Rome was

exposed to endemic war at her gates by the breakthrough of the Lombards. This final disaster reduced Ancient Italy to a condition with which we have been made familiar in Eastern Europe during the past year. The contending elements in society had exhausted themselves to such a degree that none was any longer capable of winning a decisive victory over the others. The Lombards could not conquer Italy and the Imperial Government could not expel them from her borders. The country broke up into fragments. One town was seized by a Lombard war-band as a base for depredations on the surrounding province; another was held by an imperial garrison; another raised a local militia and fended for itself. The agricultural population was ruined by the devastations and requisitions of all parties; the great roads were cut, and the internal trade of the peninsula suspended. Rome saw her frontiers pushed back almost to within sight of her walls, to a line that had been obsolete since the early days of the Republic nine hundred years before. She saw the farms and villages of the Campagna go up in flames, and the peasantry led off in gangs by the raiders to be sold into slavery beyond the Alps. And within her walls she was threatened with starvation. For the Imperial Government, though it had not ceased to exist like the Hapsburg Monarchy, had long since retired to Constantinople, the natural and almost impregnable capital of its chief remaining territories, and it regarded with a certain fatalism, or at any rate passivity, the extreme agonies of distant Italy.

In this bankruptcy of the ancient government under which the city had grown up, an unofficial organization stepped in—the local branch of the Christian Church, which in sixth century Rome displayed points of resemblance to the Social-Democratic Party in modern Vienna. It was a hazardous experiment, for an unprecedented catastrophe, while it makes it easy for untried hands to take the helm, makes it infinitely difficult for them to steer the ship with any success or credit. How the present Government at Vienna will manage it is too early to judge; certainly the Roman Church would have failed in its forlorn hope if, at the critical moment, it had not found a great man to be its leader.

Gregory's family belonged to the urban aristocracy. His father had been a district organizing secretary for the relief work which had already been undertaken by the city church, and Gregory himself had entered the imperial civil service, rising at about the age of 35 to be city prefect, the highest local post in the administration. His year of office was probably A.D. 573, five years after the Lombards broke through the frontier of Italy and immediately after their most adventurous bands had established themselves in the Central Apennines. To a man of energy and discernment, official rank was a mockery under conditions which made effective official action impossible, and Gregory threw up his career in disgust. He disposed of his private fortune by the endowment of half-a-dozen monastic communities of the Benedictine order (which were in some sense communes organized on a voluntary basis for the revival of agriculture); he installed one such community in his ancestral mansion at Rome, and entered it himself as a monk. But the remarkable feature in Gregory's life was not his retirement from the world—a fairly common incident in this age of despair—but his reappearance in a new field of action, which his own character as much as the pressure of other people brought about. The Bishop of Rome summoned him from his retirement to proceed as papal agent to the Court of Constantinople—a mission which was the last hope of the abandoned capital and which Gregory conducted with ability for six years. And then, when he had been released and had retreated from the world again, the papal chair fell vacant in a year when the ravages of the Lombards outside the walls were aggravated by those of famine and pestilence within—perhaps the blackest year in Rome's history since that ancient sack by the Gauls which had heralded her career of military conquest. Gregory was forced into the supreme ecclesiastical office by the importunity of the populace, who would not exempt from responsibility the man who was capable of

\* An obscure expression. Could our Party system have been so far developed in the England of 17—?

bearing it but who dreaded, because he realized, its weight.

Gregory was Pope from 590 to 604, and achieved three great results in those crowded years, which saved Rome then as similar achievements might save Vienna now. In the first place he restored the food supply, by arranging for a regular import of foodstuffs from the estates which the Roman bishopric possessed in Sicily and other overseas provinces immune from Lombard raiders, and by organizing a rationing and distribution system in the city. In this windfall Rome was more fortunate than Vienna can be, for the Social Democratic Party is not, like the Ancient Roman Church, a richly endowed corporation. Yet the Party has one reservoir of potential wealth which was not accessible to the Hapsburg régime: it can restore the will to work among the skilled artisans of Vienna, by giving them the certainty that the fruits of their labor will not henceforth be impounded for the benefit of an exploiting class, and this psychological rally is one of the two essential preliminaries to that resumption of industrial production by which alone sufficient foodstuffs can be purchased from abroad.

The second essential is the receipt of coal and raw materials from the other fragments of the Hapsburg Monarchy, which in turn can only be secured by an understanding with the new States that have established themselves on its former territories. And this problem of contemporary Vienna is emphasized by Gregory's second great achievement for Rome. The ecclesiastical statesman saw from the beginning that neither the Lombards nor the Empire could get the mastery, however long they kept up a struggle deadly to them both and fatal to the derelict city. Their common interest was to pocket their memories and ambitions, accept the *de facto* situation, and live as neighbors; and after years of effort Gregory managed to patch up a peace on these lines. His diplomatic difficulties were enormous. The Imperial Government resented mediation by a non-official, and the Arian Lombards had no predilection for a dignitary of the Catholic Church. Yet his position as an ecclesiastic at least enabled Gregory to assume a certain neutrality as between the rival political powers, and to approach them both at the point where they had some common ground, namely the membership professed by each in the society of Christendom. So it may be, under good leadership, with the Social Democratic Government at Vienna. Their nationality will not commend them to their non-German neighbors nor their Socialism to their *bourgeois* neighbors, yet as Socialists they are in a better position to conciliate than any other would-be peace-makers. For Socialism stands, after all, for a treatment of political problems from the economic point of view, and the peoples of the former Hapsburg Monarchy, in spite of conflicting nationalisms and divergent programmes, have a solid economic interest in common. The substantial service of the dismembered empire was that it secured economic co-operation between districts economically dependent upon one another, and it is the mission of the Austrian Socialists to convince the Tchechs and Jugoslavs that, however they may shape their political future, the old economic solidarity is indispensable—more indispensable than ever, in fact, since there is no margin left for waste after the exhaustion of the war.

But the third and greatest achievement of Gregory has the most interesting bearing of all upon Vienna's future. When Rome was starving, plague-stricken, beset by the swords of the Lombards, her great leader relaid the foundations of her empire. The mission sent by Gregory to England in 596 was as magnificent an act of courage as the dispatch of reinforcements to Spain by an earlier Roman Government when Hannibal was at the gates, but it was also an act of profound political sagacity. Gregory realized, like the author of the "City of God," that the breach of military frontiers and the overthrow of a system of administration did not mean the destruction of everything Rome had built up during five hundred years. The visible symbols of empire had disappeared, but the essence of Rome's ascendancy could not be destroyed so easily. Her culture was still the

basis of whatever civilization survived in Western Europe, and by reimpacting culture to the dissevered and barbarized provinces through the agency of her church, she might win a wider empire than she had won in the beginning by politics and war. Gregory tried his experiment in the most distant and unpromising field—among the Teutonic invaders who had done their best to root out all traces of Roman civilization in Britain—and the brilliant success of this exploit was the first step towards the ecclesiastical primacy of Rome in medieval Christendom. Now here, if anywhere, is an inspiration for Vienna to-day, and an opportunity for greatness in her leaders. Her material empire is lost, but she remains a capital of civilization. The old instruments of her dominion—government departments and banks and railway-offices—may be broken up and transferred to Prague, Warsaw, Bucharest, Belgrade. But what of her art, her medicine, her higher education and research? These are plants that take centuries to grow; they cannot be forced into maturity overnight, and they simply perish if torn up by the roots and thrust into alien soil. Yet South-Eastern Europe cannot do without the fruits of them, and if Vienna fosters them with courage and foresight, all South-Eastern Europe will continue to seek them from her. And in her social experience she will have another commodity of price. With her two millions of inhabitants, she is the easternmost of the great industrial cities of the western world. If she can make some notable contribution towards solving the problems of industrialism, she will become the school of social politics for those countries to the south and east of her where industrialization is beginning. With a Socialist Government in office in an economic crisis so desperate that the ordinary conservative restraints no longer limit the possibilities of constructive change, it is not inconceivable that she may achieve a renovation of our social system which we, whose life has not been shaken to the foundations, might be reluctant to attempt. It is conceivable, at any rate, if the extremity of her need brings into power some statesman of the calibre of Gregory the Great. A dearth of such statesmanship has brought Europe to her present pass, and Vienna, the darkest spot on the Continent, offers a peculiar opportunity for political greatness.

#### "CALORIES."

CRITICS have lately told us that certain books, such as "Pickwick," owe their popularity to their delightful descriptions of food. It seems very likely. "There can be no joy without food," said a Frenchwoman in some story, as she packed the basket for an excursion. And she might have added, "There can be no sorrow either." All emotions are violently appetizing. That, we suppose, is the origin of wedding breakfasts and funeral feasts. Very cheerful and very melancholy people always eat unusual quantities, and to restore a robust appetite a wise doctor would prescribe a dose of pleasure or of sadness rather than a "change of air" or "a little steel." Notice the crowds issuing from a theatre after an exciting play, whether tragedy or comedy, how hungry they are! Emotion has exhausted their tissues. They are incapable of any further intelligent pleasure or pain till food has renewed their vitality. It is emotion that enriches the supper-rooms of Soho and the Strand. The saddest part of hunger is not the lean wasting of the flesh, but the wasting of the mind and soul until they become incapable of thought or feeling. The present writer has often observed and shared that famine of the spirit. In a beleaguered garrison he has noticed that the faculty of emotion gradually died away on quarter rations. No one could any longer rise to the level of joy or sorrow. Deaths of dearest friends passed almost unlamented, and when relief came, the men only sat and gaped like ghosts, with hardly the gibber of a cheer. It is the same in Central Europe now. The worst part of the famine is not the tuberculosis, nor the lousy typhus, nor even the dying skeletons of children. The worst part is the

inhuman apathy, incapable of laughter or tears, of affection or hatred or pity.

It seems difficult to discover a standard for the amount of food required to sustain human emotions. The variations of habit, climate, work, and even separate personalities have to be taken into account. In some natures the amount may appear to most of us exaggerated. In the account of Gargantua's education, for instance, we read that "after he had studied for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book, he sat down to table":—

"And because he was naturally flegmatick, he began his meale with some dozens of gammons, dried neats tongues, hard rowes of mullet, called Botargos, Andouilles or sauciges, and such other forerunners of wine; in the meanwhile, foure of his folks did cast into his mouth one after another continually mustard by whole shovels full. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white wine. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite; as for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule."

Such a dietary no doubt surpasses the required average, and the amount of emotion which it would support might be excessive, for Gargantua was a giant, though then a young one. So let us consider something more modest and within the limits of common life. Let us take the recipe for Yorkshire Goose Pie, quoted by Ruskin, from a cookery book, of date 1791, "written purely from practice, and dedicated to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton, whom the author lately served as housekeeper":—

"Take a large fat goose, split it down the back, and take all the bones out; bone a turkey and two ducks the same way, season them very well with pepper and salt, with six woodcocks; lay the goose down on a clean dish, with the skin-side down; and lay the turkey into the goose with the skin down; have ready a large hare, cleaned well, cut in pieces, and stewed in the oven, with a pound of butter, a quarter of an ounce of mace, beat fine, the same of white pepper, and salt to your taste, till the meat will leave the bones, and scum the butter off the gravy, pick the meat clean off, and beat it in a marble mortar very fine, with the butter you took off; and lay it in the turkey; take twenty-four pounds of the finest flour, six pounds of butter, half a pound of fresh rendered suet, make the paste pretty thick, and raise the pie oval."

Directions for adorning the paste follow ("cut it in vine leaves; you may lay flowers or the shape of the fowls in paste on the lid, and rub it all over with the yokes of eggs"). The pie must then be baked four hours in a brown-bread oven; two pounds of butter in the gravy that came from the hare must then be poured into it through a tun-dish, and it is nearly complete, ready for cutting in eight or ten days. That was a dish, not for a giant, but for an ordinary lady's household in Yorkshire, so that we suppose it represents a fair average of the kind of food desirable for the support of body and soul. During the war, while London was strictly rationed, we remember reading an account of the dinner provided at one of the big hotels; unhappily we have forgotten the details of the six or eight courses upon the menu (they were printed in a "Herald" article, called "How we Starve at the Ritz"); but, in any case, that meal would hardly help us to discover the requisite average for mankind, since it was given in a time of great scarcity, and no doubt failed to satisfy the usual demands of the *clientèle* for the support of their intelligence and activity.

Still, however difficult it is to fix a standard of consumption, these examples do afford some idea of the food which men and women need to maintain their physique, their intellects, and their emotions at full or normal strength. And bearing them in mind, we confess that the "Family Budgets" of the working people (that is, of nearly the whole nation) appear to us deficient in sustenance. We cannot believe that the Yorkshire gentry or the frequenters of the Ritz have ever devoured more than was necessary to sustain life, in full vigor; for they are rational beings like ourselves and would not eat more than was absolutely essential. But, as we

said, in comparison with this average of necessity, the ordinary "Budgets" unquestionably seem deficient. Let us first take the pre-war budget of an average working man and woman in London. It is from the book of "Family Budgets" collected some years ago by Charles Booth and Ernest Aves. The man was a jobbing plumber, aged 30; the wife was aged 29; and they had three children between 8 and 3. The dietary runs:—

"Breakfast, 8.0 a.m. Tea, bread and margarine, or fat bacon.

Dinner, 12.45. Bread and margarine. Two or three days a week, meat and vegetables, or fish. On Sunday, when possible, suet pudding is added.

Tea, 5.0 p.m. Tea, bread and margarine. There is never supper."

We read further that the fat bacon, in place of margarine, was melted in a frying pan with a slice of bread to absorb it, and the children were fond of that, though it falls short of goose pie. In good times, a tin of Swiss milk was bought (3½d.), which lasted a week and was spread on the Sunday suet pudding. Loaf sugar was never bought, because the children wanted to eat it. One Christmas a lady at the chapel gave them a 4lb. joint of beef and ½lb. of tea, and the joyful memory of that feast continued vivid throughout the year. We do not know how many "calories" their ordinary diet represented. Apparently there were enough to keep the family working and at school. But we are inclined to doubt whether there were enough to maintain emotional and intellectual life at the level demanded by the Yorkshire gentry or the *habitués* of the Ritz.

In that particular case the man earned about 30s. a week when in full work, and the woman got 6d. for washing for a brother-in-law, but lost on it owing to the price of soap; for next to food and rent, cleanliness is the most terrible expense. Even before the war that was so, and now Mr. Bevin (national organizer of the dockers) tells us that soap has gone up from 1d. a lb. to a shilling in the East End. As we all know, everything has gone up, though not quite at that rate. Last week we were told that the cost of living, taken all round, had gone up 5 per cent. during the month, and then stood at 130 per cent. above pre-war prices. In that case, the family we speak of would have to earn about 70s. a week in order to maintain the level of the livelihood they formerly enjoyed. At the Court of Inquiry set up by the Ministry of Labor to inquire into the application of the National Transport Workers' Federation for a standard minimum wage of 16s. a day, Sir Lynden Macassey, counsel for the employers, produced what he and they regarded as a satisfactory average budget for a working family of the same size as the plumber's (man, wife and three children), and he gave as a total the sum of £3 13s. 6d. It is true he added 3s. 6d. for extra travelling in London, but that sum does not come into the comparison, because the plumber always walked. We see, therefore, that in actual and present purchasing value the weekly wage that the employers consider satisfactory is only a shilling or two more than what the plumber in question made before the war, and the standard of living upon that wage would be much the same. Sir Lynden stated that his budget made a liberal estimate of the calorific value of food. He said he counted the docker as needing 3,700 calories. We are not certain at how many calories our plumber's diet worked out, but Sir Lynden's typical and satisfactory docker could not get much more, if his wife and children were to get any at all, and when we remember the calories apparently essential to the Yorkshire household and the Ritz *clientèle*, we are inclined to regard Sir Lynden's estimate as low.

Acting for the dockers, Mr. Bevin gave an exhibition of five plates containing the daily ration under Sir Lynden's budget as it might be divided up among a family. Professor Bowley (Professor of Statistics, London University) considered this "cookery exhibition" misleading. We should rather have called it unnecessary when we take account of the current prices of such general items of diet as bread, milk, margarine, bacon, tea, sugar, kippers, meat, and offal. Yet the Professor not only agreed with Sir Lynden in thinking

the budget sufficient because it allowed 3,700 calories for the man and a less amount for the wife and children; he had himself drawn up a family budget for an average railway man at 61s. a week. Out of this sum he apportioned 35s. for food as against Sir Lynden's 40s. He considered 35s. enough at current prices for moderate labor, but with a very small margin. He regarded the employers' estimate of 3s. 4d. a week for "household sundries" as sufficient, though it was to include washing, and Mr. Bevin had to inform him that soap to-day costs a shilling a pound. He also agreed with the budget estimate of 6s. 6d. a week for rent, though our plumber before the war used to pay 4s. for two tiny rooms, and had them at a reduction because a railway passed close over the roof. Perhaps Mr. Henry Aldridge (secretary of the National Housing and Town Planning Council) was right when he said, "If I may speak very frankly, I think that if the other figures in the budget are as absurd" (as Sir Lynden's estimate for rent) "the budget is not worth the paper on which it is written." It appears only too likely that, in his evidence before the same Court of Inquiry, Sir Leo Chiozza Money was justified in saying that, whereas before the war he estimated that a family exchequer of £2 5s. was on the poverty line, he now put the figure at £5 3s. Such an estimate rather exceeds the dockers' minimum claim. And yet we well remember the days when the dockers struck for "the round full face of a tanner an hour," and rejoiced when they got it!

Mainly we have dwelt on food, though we know it forms only a part of the question. When Lord Shaw, the President of the Inquiry, suggested to Mr. Bevin that remuneration might be on a sliding scale, Mr. Bevin replied "warmly" that he would not go into any conference room even to discuss it. "It places," he said, "the workman as a distinct class on the basis of the animal, the basis of food alone, and that I would never discuss." We entirely sympathize. It is true now as ever that man does not live by calories alone, and there is something rather terrible to us in those model German factories where the exact chemical value in calories is printed up beside each kind of food to be purchased in the workmen's restaurant. But still, as we said at first, food is needed as much for the intellect and the emotions as for the Professor's idea of "moderate labor." And the present writer (who is no more gluttonous than other people) has always noticed that, in times of extreme deprivation in war or desert, the longing of his dreams has invariably turned to Barmecide Feasts of Yorkshire Goose Pie and the menu at the Ritz, neither of which he has ever had the fortune to enjoy.

## Communications.

### THE PROGRESS OF FRENCH SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The National Congress of the French Socialist Party meets this week in Strassbourg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine. A special interest attaches to this gathering on account of the questions which appear on its agenda, on whose solution the future of Socialism depends, and because of the piquancy of its meeting in a country so lately re-united to the Republic. Alsace-Lorraine has undergone an historic evolution. A little more than a year ago its Socialists were an integral part of German democracy; their organization is rich and strong; and in Strassbourg it owns the great daily paper called the "Freie Presse," whose 22,000 subscribers—under the German system all readers of a Socialist paper are subscribers—make it the most important of the political journals in the city. In the great industrial city of Mulhouse the Socialists also have a daily paper, "Die Republikaner," while in the Moselle, the third Department of the old imperial lands, in that part which is chiefly inhabited by Alsatians and immigrant German workmen, there is a third Socialist daily known as the "Volkstribune." At the last

elections the Socialist Party in Alsace-Lorraine secured 110,000 votes, but under the monstrous electoral law from which we suffer it was unable to claim a single seat. On the other hand, it has captured several municipalities, including Strassbourg, the great city where Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, was born, and in which Rouget de l'Isle first sang the Marseillaise in Mayor Dietrich's salon. To-day a Socialist mayor, belonging to the most moderate section of the party, sits at the Hotel de Ville.

Meanwhile, the secretariat of the party has just issued a report by Comrade Frossard, which presents a remarkable study of the present situation of Socialism in France. After recalling in particular the hopes excited by President Wilson's arrival, it gives strong expression to the anger and indignation which all Socialists feel at the Imperialist Peace of Versailles, pregnant with new wars and marking the complete failure of Wilsonism. He then analyzes with great force, and in remarkable detail, the parliamentary situation of the party. As compared with less than 1,400,000 votes that it received in 1914, the party this year obtained 1,730,000, in spite of the fact that it counted hundreds of thousands of adherents among the 1,600,000 to 1,700,000 Frenchmen who perished in the war. For the rest, while there were 8,000,000 voters on the registers of 1914, in spite of the union with Alsace there were only 7,000,000 in 1919, that is to say that the Socialist Party, which could only claim one-fifth of the electors, now includes one-fourth.

The progress of the party seems to have been particularly striking in Brittany, in Seine Inferieure, and in Lorraine, all of them industrial centres. It made considerable progress in the purely agricultural districts, notably in the centre of France, for example in the Department of Haute Vienne, where it received an absolute majority of votes. In the north, so cruelly ravaged by the war, where one might well have prophesied a reaction to Chauvinism, it obtained 151,000 votes and elected ten Deputies. In the Seine, *i.e.*, Paris and its environs, it had 274,000 votes and only ten Deputies, the electoral law depriving the 112,000 Socialists of the suburbs of all representation in the Chamber. In all, the party secured sixty-eight seats instead of 101. Since then, in the senatorial elections it has won two seats in the exalted assembly from which, hitherto, Socialism was completely shut out. In the Southern Department of the Var its representative is a professor, in the other a miner, the organizer of Trade Unions in Monceau-les-Mines.

Frossard's report gives interesting information with regard to the callings and professions of the Socialist Deputies. There are thirty-two workmen or employees, seven miners, four textile workers, potters, builders, railway employees, printers, post office officials, &c. There are also five university professors, including Marcel Cachin, editor of "Humanité," and Albert Thomas, and six journalists. There are five teachers, including Alexandre Blanc, and seven lawyers, among whom are Marius Moutet, the advocate of M. Caillaux, Ernest Lafont, one of the most brilliant of the younger Socialists, and Paul Boncour, the "coming man," formerly secretary to M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who was a minister in the Legislature of 1910-1914. Boncour appears as an Independent Socialist; he gave his adherence to the party on the eve of war, in June, 1914.

The group also includes two men of letters, both well-known and highly regarded, Leon Blum, dramatic critic to some of the principal Paris newspapers, and the friend of Jaurès. He made a brilliant *début* in the Chamber, particularly in the discussion on the railways, with which he is thoroughly familiar as a member of the Supreme Administrative Tribunal of the Republic, the Conseil d'Etat, on which he sits as the only Socialist. Leon Blum has gained the warm sympathy of the working classes of Paris, both by his sincerity and devotion, and by his remarkable talents. The other man of letters is a young officer, fresh from the war, of which he writes in the spirit of Henri Barbusse. This is Paul Vaillant-Couturier, one of the organizers of the anti-

militarist society, known as the "Old Republican Soldiers." Among the working-class members, the best known and the most influential is Delory, Mayor of Lille, who stuck to his post during the German occupation, and who is the able director of the Socialist Federation of the North. Among the members for Paris is the former engine-driver, Groussier, Vice-President of the Chamber, a position to which he has been re-elected in spite of its reactionary character. His fine nature, and his wonderful beard, both exercise prestige in parliamentary circles.

The report presented to the Strassbourg Congress bears striking evidence of the progress in the organization of the party. It is well known that the French Socialist Party, in contrast with your Labor Party, only includes citizens who subscribe formally and directly to a political organization, and not merely trade unionists whose adherence to their organization is purely economic. This year, the party has 133,000 members, that is to say, 100,000 in excess of last year. In other words, it has in one year quadrupled its organized forces. French Socialism, therefore, may well be proud of its progress both in intellectual power and in numerical strength. At the moment in which its enemies are celebrating its defeat it has never been so strong. To-day it possesses ten daily papers, beginning with "l'Humanité," with a daily circulation of 200,000 copies.—Yours, &c.,

JEAN LONGUET.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE LABOR PARTY AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

SIR,—Many of us who are members of the Labor Party will thank "A Wayfarer" for drawing attention to Mr. Sidney Webb's forecast of an electoral alliance and a ministerial coalition between Mr. Lloyd George and Labor. Mr. Webb insists in the "Daily News" that this was not a proposal but a prediction. It moves me to make another prediction. If this prophecy comes true, I think I know enough, after ten years' membership of the I.L.P., to say without hesitation that it would certainly break away, and with it would go most of the younger intellectuals and all the recent converts from Liberalism, who have rallied to Labor as the one idealistic party. We, too, should have our Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, our Majority and Minority. This man's want of character dissolves everything that it touches. If the Labor Party were so foolish as to do this thing, it might perhaps gain office, and share it with Mr. George's more intimate friends, the Churchills, the Geddeses, and the Birkenheads, but it would lose, and lose for a generation, its chief moral asset, the belief of simple people that it has principles and character.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

### DYERISM.

SIR,—I have read your leader on the "Peril of the Military Mind" in your issue of December 20th, 1919.

Much has been written about this subject, but I feel that a few remarks in reply would not come amiss from one who was part of the force, under General Dyer, engaged in suppressing the riots in the Punjab last April. The position when I arrived in Amritsar with a company of Gurkhas, in April, was one baffling description. The city, with its immediately surrounding districts, is one of over a million people, and it was in a state of open rebellion against the British Government, and was bent upon the murder of any and every European who might come their way. That is a fact, and there is no disputing it. You imply in your article that the crowd assembled at Jalnawala Bagh was not aware of General Dyer's Proclamation forbidding all meetings. This is not possible and such a state of affairs was impossible. [It is admitted by General Dyer that many could not have known.—ED., NATION.] I know perfectly well what was preached at this very meeting in the Bagh. It was a meeting at which rebellion against the British Government and the murder of Europeans, all and sundry, was preached and strongly advocated. Such a meeting then could easily be

broken up effectively without force of arms? I absolutely deny such an allegation. You say that "rebellion" is an exaggeration of the facts of what took place in Amritsar. Has the writer of the article in question forgotten the nature and brutality of the murders—if, indeed, he ever knew of them? Has he forgotten how innocent Europeans had their heads bashed in to the level of their necks? Has he forgotten how Europeans were brutally murdered, tied to beds, smothered in kerosine oil, which was ignited, and how their bodies were, in a burning state, thrown to the street level from windows on the second storey? Did he even know of the remarks and exhortations of the mob regarding European and our British women—far too foul and horrible even to bear repetition? No! I am sure he did not, yet he criticises the actions of a most gallant officer whose action, as every European in India to-day knows well, undoubtedly saved the country from worse horrors than those perpetrated at Cawnpore and Lucknow more than sixty years ago.

How sad it is to hear an ignorant public, and worse still an ignorant and unsympathetic Press, clamoring for the "recall to England to be put upon their trial" of men who have done their duty nobly and well.

This is the reason why those who *know* India firmly believe that this country, within an only too brief space of time, will be no place for the white man—far less the white woman.—Yours, &c.,

M. S. P.

Calcutta, January 29th, 1920.

[We publish this letter, though it is usual in such communications for the writer to add his name. But we must point out that his description of the state of Amritsar and the neighborhood is not in accordance even with the official evidence.—ED., NATION.]

### THE YOUNG IDEA.

SIR,—Mr. Edward Clodd's oppressed young friend is really not such a pathetic figure. Presumably he went up to Selwyn with his eyes open, cognizant of the rules or regulations of that college, and might have saved himself this obscurantist tyranny by becoming a non-collegiate student, if other colleges were too full to receive him or too expensive to attract him.

*Mutatis mutandis*, a rigid Anglican student would deserve and get scant sympathy if he entered some avowedly rationalist college, and then whined if he was compelled to attend lectures exploding his ancient superstition, and was forbidden to wear a surplice.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. WALTON.

Hardwicke Rectory, Aylesbury.

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## Poetry.

### WILD PASTURES.

My black flocks wander on the bitter salt marshes;

In the mist they feed and drink:

They pick at the sea-holly, and the rough plants and grasses,  
At the harsh water's brink.

My white flocks stray about the landward meadows;

Their fleeces shine.

With lowered heads they feed on the tender herbs and  
flowers,

Tasting their honey-wine.

But my horned sheep spring and go upon the mountains,  
Lifting their heads to the wind.

Out on the crags they stand; they drink of the running  
water,

In the way of their kind.

GRACE RHYS.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Brazilian Mystic." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann. 15s.)  
 "Moral and Religious Education." By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. (Edward Arnold.)  
 "My Neighbors." Welsh Sketches by Caradoc Evans. (Melrose. 6s.)  
 "Realities of War." By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann. 15s.)

\* \* \*

DR. TROTTER's book on "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," which is one of the topics that can start as exciting a round game in an intellectual circle as Epstein's "Christ," the Einstein theory, or the place of Frederick Boulter in English literature, is a modern book about ourselves which does not make one feel so godlike and conscious of high destiny as a Beethoven sonata. Modern science never does. It demands as fine a courage to face it in the study as its tanks demanded in the field. You feel rather exposed to it. You get from it a reminder which feels like a belated draught blowing off a Palæolithic glacier, and it is no good putting on even so thick a protection as a British Warm to keep out a chill of that sort. It penetrates through every insulator you can put on, even when there is a breviary in a breast-pocket. I am to some extent hardened, or as others would say, coarsened to it, owing to a foolish liking when young for climbing among notions (there being no orchards in our neighborhood) which supplied the necessary excitement of hazard. So the chastening ruthlessness of a book like Dr. Trotter's would never give me such a shock to the mind as I got once, when still young and impressionable, through reading that interesting report of the trial before Sir Matthew Hale of several witches, who were condemned to death, and were assisted on their way to the gallows by the expert evidence of the famous man who wrote, "but the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy. . . ." For it had never occurred to my trusting mind that the intelligence of the great was ever subject to a lapse of such a depth.

\* \* \*

THE surprise of that exposure of high intelligence strengthened me for a time when, much later, I had the opportunity of standing in the lobby of the House and watching great legislators walking about, and, later still, overheard generals discussing strategy. It benefited me in some ways. Still, it was the sort of awful revelation from which one cannot fully recover. I could understand the ignorant and terrified dragging those old women before the justices. We have all witnessed what fear and ignorance are capable of doing. It was not so easy, however, to account for a learned judge seriously admitting evidence which would appear, you would imagine, deliriously irrelevant to anyone who had got beyond just putting one foot before the other. But a little reflection dispersed that objection, for the law and its judges, within our own experience, are not unfailingly reasonable. What was terrifying, in the right meaning of the word, was that the author of the "Religio Medici" should have helped to condemn old women as witches because—among other things—a cart, which was too wide to be driven between two posts near where the witches lived, stuck between the posts. It is from such a surprise that one gets the devastating suspicion that the human brain, at its best, is not only not quite the divine mechanism we have thought, but that it may slip its cogs, as it were, and nobody suspect the accident at the time, with ruinous consequences. We have to admit, when it acts so, that it is still a more wonderful mechanism than ever, for the purposes of picaresque romance; but our respect for it is altered for ever. In my own case I read that

trial at a time when I took it for granted, with Tennyson, that "we needs must love the highest when we see it."

\* \* \*

THERE the matter might have rested and got no worse, but for "An Encyclopædia of Occultism" (Routledge), just published, which I hope is a complete guide to the dark of the mind. It looks like it. It is perhaps large enough to enclose most of that darkness, being 9 in. by 10 in. by 2 in. of small type. There are few books that compel so much idleness as encyclopædias and dictionaries. We know what usually happens when again we need to turn up the word "believe." Something curious is seen in a foreign part of the dictionary, and then another strange word we had never heard of, and by the time we discover we are wasting time grievously we have forgotten what we wanted to look for. This latest of encyclopædias should never be kept near at hand if there is work to be done, and little time in which to do it.

\* \* \*

WHEN one has very little accomplishment in sorcery or witchcraft, and cannot compel ghosts; and perhaps does not even belong to a secret society, and therefore is so abysmally ignorant as not to know the occult significance of goats and triangles, it would be presumptuous to attempt a criticism of such an encyclopædia as this. But I suggest its explanation of the Jurupari, under Devil Worship, is wrong; but, of course, one need not know much of the worship of devils to have picked upon a little information about the Jurupari. In several other instances, too, where this critic had just enough information on a subject to know where to look for it in the volume, he was humiliated by its omission, as though it were of no consequence, or else found it was lightly dismissed with what at least resembled an inaccurate explanation. Yet it would be unfair to expect even an encyclopædia, when its special purpose is to describe all the shadows on the earth which are cast there by our fear and ignorance, to be in every respect equal to other encyclopædias. It is not easy to define comprehensively, and with full knowledge, every defect of the human intelligence which originated in the unknown out of which we came; nor to be infallible concerning our lively dread of that state in which we shall exist when we are not. Accuracy is obviously impossible under such circumstances.

\* \* \*

ON the other hand, is it really permissible to describe "Sheltai Thari" as though modern philology accepted it, as "an esoteric language spoken by the tinkers of Great Britain"? The suggestion is that it is an "inner" language once spoken by the Celtic bards. There surely cannot be any ground for such a suggestion. It is not disputed that the craftsmen of ancient communities, the flint workers, the later metal workers, the masons, and the rest, just as did the priests, formed secretive coteries, and passed on their mysteries in a lingo the crowd did not understand; for man delights in looking grave and cunning over some superiority he has persuaded himself he possesses, for with that he can excite the envy of others, and attract attention. But we are not going to be easily persuaded that the itinerant grinder of scissors and mender of pots on to-day's highways knows any more of the craft language spoken by the men who made bronze swords than that the Bishop of Salisbury speaks the language of the priests who once were familiar with the ritual of Stonehenge. In a sense we are aware that the Bishop does, but it is only in a mystic sense.

\* \* \*

ALL the same, this encyclopædia is a fascinating volume. One gets that deplorable sense of superiority in learning what the Zacornu is, and what the Ziazaa does, and where to look for the Horbehutet, and by what process, with triangles, circles, and incantations on a desolate heath during a storm, to prove the soul is immortal by recalling, say, a late Member of Parliament for your borough back from his well-earned rest, as his tombstone describes his present state.

H. M. T.

# BROADWAY HOUSE LIST

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## Reviews.

## THE OPINIONS OF AN AUTHOR.

✓ "Letters of Anton Tchekhov to his Family and Friends." Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

A RUSSIAN critic has said that Tchekhov had nothing to give his fellows but a philosophy of hopelessness. He committed the crime, we are told, of destroying men's faith in God, morals, progress, and art itself. This is an accusation that takes one's breath away. If ever there was a writer who could console and had genius for stretching out a hand to his floundering fellow-mortals, it was Tchekhov. He was as active in service as a professional philanthropist. His faith in the decency of men is as constant as his doubt. His tenderness was a passion. He was open-hearted to all comers. He never shut his door either on a poor man needing medicine, or on a young author needing praise. He was equally generous as author, doctor, and reformer. He who has been represented as an unbeliever in everything was no unbeliever even in contemporary men of genius. His attitude to Tolstoy was not one of idolatry, but it came as near being idolatrous as is possible in an intelligent man. "I am afraid of Tolstoy's death," he wrote in 1900. "If he were to die there would be a big, empty place in my life."

I have never loved any man as much as him. I am not a believing man, but of beliefs I consider him the nearest and most akin to me." In his gloomier moods he thought little enough of the work either of himself or his younger contemporaries. "We are stale," he wrote; "we can only beget gutta-percha boys"—but this was because he was on his knees to everything that is greatest in literature. In a letter to his friend, Suvorin, editor of the "Novoye Vremya," he wrote:—

"The writers, who we say are for all time or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic—they are going towards something and summoning you towards it, too, and you feel, not with your mind but with your whole being, that they have some object, just like the ghost of Hamlet's father, who did not come and disturb the imagination for nothing. Some have more immediate objects—the abolition of serfdom, the liberation of their country, politics, beauty, or simply vodka, like Denis Davydov; others have remote objects—God, life beyond the grave, the happiness of humanity, and so on. The best of them are idealists, and paint life as it is, but, through every life's being soaked in the consciousness of an object, you feel, besides life as it is, the life which ought to be, and that captivates you."

If this is the confession of an unbeliever, a philosopher of hopelessness, one may reasonably ask for a new definition of belief.

The truth is, Tchekhov was born with an impulse towards reverence and faith. Though he denied that he was either a Liberal or a Conservative, he excited himself about causes like a schoolboy revolutionary. He was ardently on Zola's side during the Dreyfus excitement. "Let Dreyfus be guilty," he declared, "and Zola is still right, since it is the duty of writers, not to accuse, not to persecute, but to champion even the guilty once they have been condemned and are enduring imprisonment. . . . There are plenty of accusers, persecutors, and gendarmes without them, and in any case the rôle of Paul suits them better than that of Saul." He quarrelled with Suvorin for attacking Zola. "To abuse Zola when he is on his trial—that is unworthy of literature."

We find the same ardent reformist spirit running through the whole of Tchekhov's life. At one time he is engrossed in a project for building in Moscow a "People's Palace," with a library, reading-rooms, a lecture-room, a museum, and a theatre. At another time, he is off to the island of Saghalin to study with his own eyes the horrors of the Siberian feudal system. "My God," he writes in the course of his investigations, "how rich Russia is in good people! If it were not for the cold which deprives Siberia of the summer, and if it were not for the officials who corrupt the peasants, Siberia would be the richest and happiest of lands." In another letter he looks forward to building a school "in the village where I am a school-warden." When a plague of cholera breaks

out, we find Tchekhov once more living for others with the same saintly unselfishness. At times, no doubt, he cursed the cholera and he cursed his patients like a human being; but his cries were the cries of an exhausted body; they were merely a proof of his excessive zeal. There is an attractive portrait of Tchekhov at this time in the biographical sketch that precedes the present volume:—

"He returned home shattered and exhausted, but always behaved as though he were doing something trivial; he cracked little jokes and made everyone laugh as before, and carried on conversations with his dachshund Quinine, about her supposed sufferings."

This may be consistent, for all one knows, with the philosophy of despair. It is certainly very unlike the practice of despair. But that Tchekhov's creed was no creed of despair may be seen in letter after letter in this book. In one letter he writes:—

"I believe in individual people. I see salvation in individual personalities scattered here and there all over Russia—educated people or peasants—they have strength though they are few."

In another letter he says:—

"Modern culture is only the first beginning of work for a great future, work which will perhaps go on for tens of thousands of years, in order that man may, if only in the remote future, come to know the truth of the real God—that is not, I conjecture, by seeking in Dostoevsky, but by clear knowledge, and one knows twice two are four."

If one thing is obvious, it is that the writer of these sentences is an enthusiast. Take him, again, when he is disclaiming all sorts of labels and announcing his creed:—

"My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take. This is the programme I would follow if I were a great artist."

Even in regard to literature, he insists not on the disheartening sort of realism but on a temperate idealism, as we learn from an excellent parable in one of his letters:—

"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Ham only noticed that his father was a drunkard, and completely lost sight of the fact that he was a genius, that he had built an ark and saved the world. Writers must not imitate Ham. . . ."

On the other hand, he was always alert to defend the practice of honest realism in literature. He refused to admit that it is the task of literature to "unearth the pearl from the refuse-heap." :—

"A writer is not a confectioner, not a provider of cosmetics, not an entertainer; he is a man bound, under contract, by his sense of duty and his conscience; having put his hand to the plough, he mustn't turn back, and however distasteful, he must conquer his squeamishness and soil his imagination with the dirt of life. He is just like any ordinary reporter. What would you say if a newspaper correspondent, out of a feeling of fastidiousness or from a wish to please his readers, would describe only honest mayors, high-minded ladies, and virtuous railway contractors?"

In Tchekhov's view, it is the duty of the artist to tell the truth about his characters, not to draw morals from them. "The artist," he declares, "must not be the judge of his characters and of their conversations, but merely an impartial witness." The artist must, no doubt, strive after some such impartiality as this. But the great artist will never quite attain to it. Shakespeare, Dickens, and Tchekhov himself, all lavished affection on some of their characters and withheld it from others.

On the other hand, the artist must be tolerant to a degree that frequently shocks the orthodox moralist. He approaches individual men, not as a critic, but as a discoverer. Tchekhov, writing to a friend from his country estate, says on one occasion: "The village priest often comes and pays me long visits; he is a very good fellow, a widower, and has some illegitimate children." To the stern moralist, a priest who is a very good fellow with some illegitimate children is an unthinkable paradox. To the artist it is a paradox that exists in nature: he accepts it with a smile. It is not that Tchekhov was indifferent to the vices of the flesh. We find him writing on one occasion to a great journalist: "Why do they write nothing about prostitution in your paper? It is the most fearful evil, you know. Our Sobelev street is a regular slave-market." The truth is, Tchekhov was a man divided. He had the artist's passion for describing his fellow men: he had also the doctor's passion

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for helping them. He was in a sense pulled in two opposite directions by these rival passions. Luckily, the tug-of-war, instead of weakening, actually strengthened his genius. Every great artist is a reformer transformed. Shakespeare is sometimes held to have lived aloof from the reformer's temporary passions. But that repeated summons to reconciliation in his plays is that of a man who has plumbed the great secret of the politics of his time and, equally, of ours. Pity, tenderness, love, or whatever you choose to call it, is an essential ingredient of the greatest genius, whether in reform or in art. It is the absence of pity that is the final condemnation of most of the literature, painting, and sculpture of our time. When pity is exhausted, the best part of genius is exhausted, and there is little but cleverness left. In Tchekhov, more than almost any other author of recent years, truth and tenderness are allied. He tells us the truth even when it is most cruel, but he himself is kind. He often writes like a doctor going his rounds in a sick world. But he cares for the sick world. That is why his stories delight us as the faked golden syrup of more optimistic authors never does.

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The outlook of the authors on their period is definite and un concealed. Their theme is the reaction of the new agriculture and industry upon popular life and institutions, the treatment by Governments of the problems and movements which it produced, and the psychology which made it possible for statesmen and preachers to forget human misery in economic progress and to brand as sedition the writhings of despair. They are writing "the history of a civil war." They have been criticized as over-simplifying the issues and presenting as a conspiracy of malevolence an attitude which was the result of ignorance, helplessness in the face of swift and complex changes, and a failure to realize that piecemeal and unrelated developments involved in the aggregate the rise of a new civilization which differed not merely in degree but in kind from the old. Their books are a synthesis, and a synthesis, it has been said, is necessarily misleading. The detailed investigation of particular industries would show that the developments of the period were neither so new nor so sensational as is suggested. The life of frugal independence and security, which is supposed to have been lived before the rise of the factory system, is based on a few misleading selections from Defoe and Radcliffe, and had, as far as the mass of the workers was concerned, no existence. Most of the evils ascribed to the new industry existed before it. Castlereagh and Sidmouth merely tolerated horrors which had been tolerated from time immemorial. There was, in fact, no "Industrial Revolution," nor was the new political economy

guilty of the callousness which has been ascribed to it. The Government was oppressive—engaged in war, what Government is not? But it was not a partizan in a fierce struggle of classes. There was no "civil war."

Those who take that view will find in this volume an array of facts from which it is not easy to escape. "The Town Laborer," it is perhaps fair to say, presented the authors' conclusions as to the period as a whole. Their latest work shows, trade by trade and locality by locality, the material on which those conclusions were based. It surveys the development of five industries—coal mining in Northumberland and Durham, cotton, wool, silk, frame-work knitting, describes, largely through the mouths of the workers and their employers, the grievances and agitations which accompanied it, and sets out, largely through the mouths of Ministers and their agents, the reception accorded by the Government to petitions for redress and the policy pursued by it. The concluding four chapters deal with the Luddite movement in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Nottingham, and the doings of Sidmouth's protégé, the spy Oliver. They deepen the impression made on any reader of Sidmouth's correspondence, that he was an odious mixture of Chadband and Squeers. No wonder Shelley made him ride on a crocodile. The detailed analysis of intricate and rapidly changing problems, which varied from trade to trade, from district to district, and almost from month to month, prevents the book from having the dramatic unity to which the two previous volumes owe part of their impressiveness. It makes its effect by an accumulation of detail, not by the revelation of a philosophy of social life. It is not the less telling on that account. The sceptic who distrusts generalization, and thinks that, as far as their economic interests are concerned, men have been much the same in all ages, will derive from the sober narrative of "The Skilled Laborer" a cumulative impression of growing social degradation and calculated tyranny.

The story begins in each trade, except mining, which has a history of its own, with the condition of the workers on the eve of the introduction of machinery. Much the same course is then gone through in each industry with much the same consequences. The handicraftsmen oppose it, sometimes by violence, petition Parliament that it may be prohibited, and are refused, find their wages reduced and the trade flooded with juvenile labor, petition Parliament for the enforcement of the Statute of Artificers or for special legislation, and are refused again, combine to protect themselves and negotiate with the masters, and have their combinations broken up or driven underground, strike and are almost invariably defeated, and, finally, are beaten for the time being into a despairing submission. The causes of distress are not always the same. The cotton weavers were in the deepest depression long before the use of the power loom had become general, and the agitation of the framework knitters appears to have been directed rather against the competition of a new and inferior article than against new machinery. But, whatever the immediate occasion of distress, the reaction to it is similar in all industries. The first appeal of the workmen is invariably to Parliament, which they appear quite genuinely to have believed would be anxious to protect them. It is only when that fails that they are thrown back upon themselves.

The first impression made upon the mind of one who follows the struggle of the working classes at the end of the eighteenth, and in the early nineteenth century, is their intense conservatism. The members of old-fashioned trades are a body of professional men whose one idea is the maintenance of professional standards, and who consider, as the watchmakers told Parliament as late as 1818, that "the law has secured them their trade as a property as fully as it has secured the property of the holder of public funds." Their disclaimers of Jacobinism are quite sincere, for they associate it with the same "delusive, theoretical ideas of individual liberty" which threaten them. They have a most pathetic confidence in the good intentions of the Government. What they stand on is the law, which makes a seven years' apprenticeship obligatory and directs the justices to "rate, limit, assess, and appoint . . . the wages of laborers, artificers, and husbandmen." When, like cotton weaving, their trade is outside that Act, they want legislation as like it as possible. Once granted legal pro-

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tection, they will be only too happy to cease agitation. And they are as good as their word. When protective legislation is passed and effectively administered all goes smoothly. The accident that in 1775 Parliament passed for the Spitalfields silk weavers an Act such as twenty years later other trades were clamoring for, under which justices fixed wages, that this Act (which was not repealed till 1824) was the subject of an exhaustive inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee in 1818, supplies some indication of the effect of the measures for which the craftsmen were petitioning. Nearly all the evidence suggests that the Spitalfields Act was a success. The Mayor and Town Clerk of Coventry begged that it might be extended to the silk industry there, on the ground that, while the poor-rates of Spitalfields were only 6s. in the £, in one parish of Coventry they were 16s. and in the other 19s. In 1818 the majority of employers who gave evidence, including the London employers, were in favor of it. It appears to have been repealed partly as a result of the remodelling of the tariff, which was being carried out by Huskisson, partly in deference to pure theory. Ricardo, who denounced it in the name of political economy, did not make as many Jacobins as Sidmouth. But that harmless little stockbroker did his share. Ten years later, when he was safely underground, his chickens came home to roost.

It took about thirty years, more or less, to turn the respectable and conservative working men who were appealing for the enforcement of ancient laws and good customs into the paths of political and economic radicalism. It was not the fault of the Government that their conversion was so tardy. It began baptizing them with fire in the 'nineties, and went on down to 1819. Its proceedings, which are set out in convincing detail by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, are explicable by only one motive—ungovernable fear. Pitt, who said that his head would be off in six months if he resigned, courageous in other respects as he was, was capable, when domestic agitation was involved, of believing quite literally anything. So, to a greater degree, was Sidmouth. So, to a still greater degree, were his aristocratic correspondents, like the Duke of Northumberland, who wrote to him comparing the tramp of the wretched blanketeers, none of whom got much further than Macclesfield, to the march of the men of Marseilles across France in 1792. The upper-class world was not yet blasé about revolutions, and believed devoutly in the wickedness of its fellow-countrymen. Against such ruffians, as against Robespierre, any weapons were legitimate. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond describe what they were. They did their work. The class-war was on the lips of Ministers for a generation before the working classes grasped so novel a doctrine. What followed was Chartism.

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of politicians, historians, and journalists. This part of Dr. Oakesmith's book has real value. His own view is that differences of race "probably do not exist," and that certainly national characteristics are in no way connected with race and are not inherited. He has no difficulty in disposing of the farrago of pseudo-science, false reasoning, and vague emotionalism, which is so characteristic of this school of thought, but we are not sure that he does not go a little too far in arguing that no "racial" differences exist or are inherited. His own view is that "race" as a constituent of nationality is a purely subjective emotion, that national differences exist but are purely the result of environment, and that a nation "arises when for a considerable time, allied by kin or not, people have been subjected to the same general environment." Nationality consists therefore in an "organic continuity of common interest" and a consciousness of it; and what is inherited is not "racial differences," but national tradition which is at once the effect and the cause of environment.

Now there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of solid and sober truth in this theory of Dr. Oakesmith, and he is not afraid of applying to his theory the stern test of a detailed examination of national history. In its broad outlines it comes triumphantly through the test. But the author seems to go just a little too far in denying the inheritance of any racial differences and ruling out all effects of "blood." In the Asiatic dependencies of this country, an English administrator in charge of a district of moderate size, will soon learn to be able to tell the exact village from which a man comes, from perhaps the shape of his face. *A priori* it would seem probable that if such differences can be bred in the smaller community of a village, some differences will also be caused by breeding and will be inherited in the larger communities which develop into nations. It is certainly true that such differences are not the cause of nor constitute the majority of and more important national differences: a Jew, as Dr. Oakesmith argues, becomes rapidly in a British environment, in all essentials, a Briton, and in a French environment, in all essentials, a Frenchman. Nevertheless, there are certain physical characteristics which are commonly inherited by Jews, so that it is frequently possible to tell at once from his appearance that an Englishman or a Frenchman has Jewish blood in his veins. Again Dr. Oakesmith can hardly deny that negro blood will leave its mark for several generations upon an American, a British, or French family. Here are physical racial differences which are inherited and which do exist; and it seems extremely improbable that where blood can transmit the shape of a racial nose or the color of a racial skin, it cannot and does not ever transmit some slight differences in racial mental qualities.

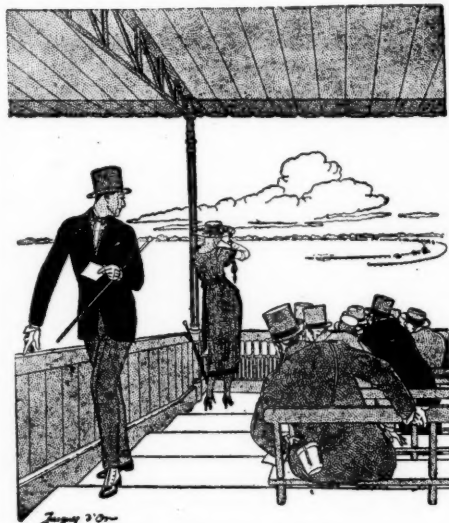
In the last part of his book Dr. Oakesmith deals with some of the effects and qualities of nationality and national patriotism. Here he is not as successful as in his earlier chapters. His argument to prove that nationality is not the cause of war is a singularly weak one. It is not nationality, but diseased nationality which causes war, he gravely tells us. One might as rationally argue that it is not electricity, but diseased electricity that causes a thunderstorm. No doubt, if electricity were always under the control of expert and altruistic electricians, it would always run along wires and not cause death and devastation in the form of thunderstorms; and if nationality and patriotism were always rational and under the control of such rational and enlightened people as Dr. Oakesmith, they would never cause the death and devastation of great wars. Unfortunately, however, this is not the best of all possible worlds. And, if it were, we may remark finally, Dr. Oakesmith would have made a good book better by supplying it with an index.

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But I am again becoming unfaithful to my subject . . . clothes.

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for its life. The first attack, as the history of ideas would lead us to expect, was on the score of immorality. The wickedness of certain scientific theories was sufficient, for the majority of Victorians, to condemn them. Only by degrees did the scientists' defence—that his theories were true—begin to appear relevant. Once the issue was shifted to this ground the first and most important stage of the contest was won, for science had no difficulty in substantiating its claims to consideration on this count, and the community was forced to concede that it was, at any rate, a legitimate activity.

It having been admitted that the upstart must be granted a position at court, it remained to be considered what rank should be conferred on it. And here the difficulties became, and are, very serious. For it soon became apparent that this upstart was a very pushing upstart, and had no intention of remaining satisfied with its post as Superintendent of Drains and Sewage. It began to pass very free remarks on the way the most venerable ministers performed their functions; its self-confidence and irreverence passed all decent bounds; it became intolerable. It remains intolerable. Its criticisms were difficult, and presently became impossible, to meet. It was too late to revive the charge of immorality; an equally profound and effective force was invoked, however—snobbery. "Very able, I grant you, but—not a gentleman." The objection has not yet been overcome, but it is diminishing in importance. Science has been learning deportment, and can now indicate its possession of finer feelings with almost as much subtlety and good taste as its rivals. Its speech, in the mouths of its best exponents, no longer shocks the tutored ear; it can discourse on Goodness, Truth, and Beauty with the best of them—and it retains its immense superiority in practical affairs. When these manners become universal we imagine the last effective objection to science will have disappeared. Unfortunately, as this book of Mr. Soddy shows, there are still scientific men with traces of the loud voice of the man with a grievance. Nearly everything Mr. Soddy says is quite true and well worth saying. He speaks, however, with a slight accent. We are afraid that Mr. Soddy will not mind this criticism. He frankly addresses his remarks, for preference, to the Labor Party. That ineffable "something" which distinguishes the old culture he calls "cant," and instead of seeing science as occupied in making its claims good before the best people he sees it as "casting pearls before swine." We think that the adoption of this tone is bad policy. Mr. Soddy admits his comparative ignorance of the old culture; he assumes, too hastily, we think, that his loss is negligible. As a matter of fact, it is apparent from Mr. Soddy's book that his loss is not negligible; his actual remarks on the arts do not inspire confidence and his prose inspires less. We agree with Mr. Soddy that a great number of the claims made for the old culture are unjustified, that they are, in fact, "cant," but it is better policy to find out what is the modicum of truth in these claims and then to show that, even so, science can bear the comparison. Mr. Soddy weakens his case, both for science and against the old culture, by too sweeping an attack. The more artful and effective modern method of propaganda is to claim for science just those æsthetic and moral qualities that are claimed for other studies. It is a case which can be made good, and it leaves the opponent with nothing to say. As it is, we can imagine many a scholar shrugging his shoulders a little at some of Mr. Soddy's remarks, and directing a critical and unsympathetic eye at his awkward, halting sentences. It is a pity that Mr. Soddy gives the superior person this opening, for the substance of his book is excellent.

Instead of trying to rebut the vague charge of "materialism" brought against science, Mr. Soddy accepts it and expands it. The fact that science is materialistic is very much to its advantage. For it means that science, and science alone, can free man from the hard and monotonous toil which is the first condition of his existence, can place new sources of energy in his hands, giving him powers transcending his dreams, and make him, to an unprecedented and undreamt-of degree, the master of his destiny. Those who regard the "materialistic" power to control physical energy as somehow "low," are dismissed by Mr. Soddy with contempt. He turns to the laboring man;

he, at any rate, will appreciate the importance of such powers and realize their promise of a fuller, richer life. For the opinions of the old gentlemen who have never missed a meal and who sit in their nice libraries "above the battle," Mr. Soddy has his epithet "cant." We suppose there still are such old gentlemen; Mr. Soddy has a greater experience of universities than we, and he should know whether these bullets still have their billets. We fancy, however, that they will soon die of old age. That the opposition to science is, for some reason, still very energetic is, however, but too true. Mr. Soddy brings definite charges against those responsible for the administration of the Carnegie Fund, showing how moneys intended to endow science have been diverted to other purposes. These charges are clear and definite, and if, as Mr. Soddy says, they have not been answered, it is high time that public interest were awakened in the matter. After all, the dead languages and cognate subjects have had their share of the funds devoted to education; they have produced, well—what they have produced, and it is only right that science, which has at least given some promise of better things, should have a turn at the wheel. If it be replied that science has produced poison gas, tanks, and a thousand new ways of killing people, Mr. Soddy points out that scientific men are not responsible for the use made of their discoveries. The responsibility rests with the products of the older culture, with the "swine," in fact, before whom the "pearls" have been cast. The whole point is, as Mr. Soddy points out, that the moral education of man has lagged behind his physical powers. Science has dowered him with powers which can either wreck or make the world. If he chooses to wreck the world, that is not the fault of science. But if such is his choice (as it seems to be), it is not convincing to say that what distinguishes his outlook from that of the scientific man is its superior moral delicacy. It is a good case. But there is more to be said for the old culture than Mr. Soddy says, and there is more to be said for science.

#### THE LAST CRUSADE.

"How Jerusalem was Won." By W. T. MASSEY. (Constable. 21s. net.)

WHEN we reviewed this author's "Desert Campaign" we said that his next book would probably be even more interesting. It was a safe prophecy, for Mr. Massey was, we believe, the only correspondent who accompanied the British Army throughout the campaign in Palestine, and his former book stopped short at the arrival at Beersheba upon the frontier of the Holy Land. He had well earned the privilege, for he remained waiting in Egypt through many dreary months of inactivity, in the midst of extreme heat, sandstorms, damp winds, and surroundings poisoned with disease, until at last his chance came and the army began to move. If ever there was a case of patience rewarded it was his. And the Army authorities knew their man. They knew him, as his fellow war-correspondents knew him, as a model of persistence, endurance, good temper, modesty, and careful accuracy. If all appointments during the war had been as wise as his!

It is the history of Allenby's campaign up to the surrender of Jerusalem in December, 1917, that Mr. Massey here narrates, with all the minute accuracy of authority, and the personal interest of an eyewitness. We do not for a moment forget the high service of General Archibald Murray, who prepared the way to victory; nor the service of General Chetwode, who carried out the designs. But, none the less, the campaign will always rightly be known in history as Allenby's.

The scene, of course, adds enormously to the interest. The campaign would have been remarkable in an unknown region of the world, but it moved in a country probably the best known by name to all civilized peoples, and certainly far the best known to the British soldiers who fought in it. Gaza, Askalon, Hebron, the Jordan, Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem—what associations the names call up! The British soldier is not conspicuous for knowledge of history and geography, but there was not a man in all the Army who did not know something about such names as those. They were an opportunity for British irony of course, and it was natural that the train from Egypt to Palestine

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should be called "The Milk and Honey Express." But there was reverence besides.

Allenby's was a mixed force. It was composed of English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Australians, New Zealanders, and Indians. But all the troops were British subjects in the technical sense. There were no "foreigners" whose feelings or prejudices had to be considered, and that was probably a chief reason for the rapid and assured success. Certainly the campaign revealed the British genius at its best—its resource under difficulties (as shown in the water supply brought from the Nile across the Canal and the Desert, and in the construction of roads with rabbit netting to prevent the motors and lorries from sinking in the sand); its power of organization and command of detail; its persistence, and strength of endurance under physical hardship. We learn from Mr. Massey how severe the hardships were—the heat, the piercing cold upon the mountains, the rain, the mud, the sudden floods and torrents. It must not be supposed from what we have noticed that the book is a mere record of personal experiences and observations, as too many war books have been. The main theme is of interest to all, for the reasons we have mentioned, but it is a strictly military history that Mr. Massey has succeeded in writing, and the book will remain of importance to all soldiers, and of special fascination to those who were present at the scenes narrated.

#### WHO IS SHAKESPEARE, WHAT IS HE?

"Shakespeare and the Welsh." By FREDERICK J. HARRIES. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

It is plain that these rival nationalities will end by tearing poor Shakespeare to pieces. For a long time the Germans had him, and one of the causes of the Great War was to repatriate him. But, alas, for the delusions of victory! No sooner was Shakespeare won than he was lost again, for a few months ago he was being dragged by the heels into Ireland. But Mr. Harries has executed a masterly flank move and captured him for Wales. A sinister rumor, however, is gaining currency that yet another book is preparing to commandeer him for Scotland. Its genesis is as follows. In the frontispiece to Drayton's "Polyolbion" there is represented an engraving of Prince Henry *shaking* or, at any rate, balancing a spear. What could be plainer? Shakespeare was obviously a half-brother of Prince Henry and an illegitimate son of King James, and so not only a true Scotsman but heir to the throne of England—if Prince Henry's near relations had been drowned with him. Possibly a few years hence a book will be written which will restore the sadly mutilated Shakespeare to Stratford and England.

Mr. Harries gives Shakespeare very little quarter. First of all he was educated by a Welsh schoolmaster. Then he may have been connected some way or other with the travelling companies which toured Breconshire and Pembroke, and the manager of the Globe in which Shakespeare acquired a financial partnership was a man called Henry Evans. Even had he succeeded in emancipating himself from the influence of the Welsh colony in Stratford, he immediately ran against all the "notable Welshmen" in London. Shakespeare's attitude to the Welsh, we are informed by Mr. Harries, was such as would pass the critical scrutiny of the most impassioned Welshman: "in the character of Glendower we are presented with the mystical, idealistic, and the poetic side of the Celtic nature; Sir Hugh Evans is the shrewd, homely, Bible-loving Welshman; while Fluellen displays the warlike, chivalrous, and loyal attributes of the Welsh people. . . . Indeed, we may claim Shakespeare as a champion of Welsh nationality." Not content with telling us that our champion's "Welshmen are all good men and true," Mr. Harries proceeds to give us separate chapters on Glendower, on Sir Hugh Evans, and on Fluellen, and then writes yet another on "the scenes in which Welsh characters appear." Naturally, for Shakespeare was a Welshman, you see, and we are given a pedigree in which his descent is traced through his paternal grandmother from the old Welsh kings. After that all is plain sailing. We are shown that the lines:—

"With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave," &c.,

"bear a certain resemblance to the poetic tribute paid by Dafydd ap Gwilym, the famous Welsh poet of the fourteenth century, to the memory of his patron, Ivor Hael." Puck, of course, is the Welsh sprite "Pwcca"; the author of some of the sonnets in the "Passionate Pilgrim" (to which Shakespeare contributed) was Bartholomew Griffin, who undoubtedly was a Welshman, and Henry VII. was no end of a king, except for Henry VIII., who, "being a Welshman himself," swept away certain iniquitous Acts against Welshmen. And so on, with Welsh legends and allusions in the plays, and Welsh printers and publishers to give them to the world, until we cry mercy in exhaustion, abandon our Shakespeare to final Celticization and leave Mr. Harries to fight it out with the author of "Shakespeare and Ireland" as to what sort of a Celt he is to be—Irish or Welsh.

Such harmless books no doubt find readers, since publishers print them at an expensive price. What we really should like to know is—why write them?

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

##### "All too Human? An Essay in Christian Apologetic.

By the Rev. SAMUEL PROUDFOOT. (Brown. 4s. 6d.)

Mr. PROUDFOOT justifies the Christian religion by abandoning the belief that imprisons Christ in the Temporal, establishing the divinity of humanity by identifying Christ with mankind. Science and humanist philosophy assault the gates of such a faith in vain. He accepts the results of historical criticism and scientific research, but his faith remains firm, because divinity to him means perfect humanity: Christ is divine because he is perfect man. "Jesus never contemplates man as outside Himself. He takes an integral part in man's life. He does not weep over him: He weeps with him." It is a human and therefore a democratic religion: "Jesus is the supreme democrat. He has faith in man, because man is God's child, and his own brother. . . . If Comte spells Humanity with a capital 'H,' it is because Jesus had already revealed man as essentially divine. The Church must get back to this, or the organized branch of it must pass away." Mr. Proudfoot's essay is a thoughtful and revealing description of a good Christian's religious experience. His appeal to the Churches to copy the political unity of the nation betrays an "all too human" *naïveté*. The Coalition Government is a symbol, it appears, of the national desire to be as brethren dwelling together. By the General Election "party interests, passions, and prejudices have suffered a fatal blow." Should not some of the credit for this be given to the Churches?

\* \* \*

##### "Salonica and After." By H. COLLINSON OWEN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

To all who were in Salonica Mr. Owen was known as the editor of "The Balkan News," the English paper which he found as probably the worst paper in the world (it used to start its news columns with a long extract from the "Nineteenth Century" of ten years ago, or something equally "actual"), and which he worked up into a first-rate "daily," the consolation of many a sufferer from the boredom and sickness of that campaign. On the military side, he takes up the story from about the point where Mr. Ward Price's volume left off (Summer, 1917), and he carries it through to the end. His work on the paper necessarily kept him in the city itself most of the previous year, and the first part of the book is occupied with light and amusing descriptions of life there during the weary months of heat or mud. Then in August, 1917, came the great fire, which destroyed about half the beautiful town, including the most beautiful of the ancient churches. Mr. Owen was present, and he gives an admirable account of that terrible disaster and of the remaining fourteen months of the campaign, up to the time when the Fleet at last sailed past Cape Helles, of sacred memory, and through the Dardanelles to Constantinople itself. The volume does not pretend to be a military history on the same level as Mr. Ward Price's book, though the latter part serves, as we said, to supplement the other. But throughout it is a vivacious story, which will be read with keen interest by anyone who shared the toil, the tedium, the unhealthiness, and the comedies of that campaign.

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## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

FEARS of dearer money have been the outstanding influence in the City this week. On Monday the idea that Bank rate would be raised to-day ran through the Stock Exchange and caused an almost general *malaise*, which was slightly relieved on Tuesday by the revival of the belief that, though dearer money might be in view, the Bank of England's official minimum was unlikely to be moved this week, while the list of the 5½ per cent. Exchequer Bonds is still open. Bank-rate fears induced a very cautious mood in Lombard Street. A considerable amount of discounting of short bills was done at the Bank on Tuesday. The figures of Exchequer Bond conversions announced by Mr. Chamberlain on Tuesday are better than was expected, and it is hoped that cash subscriptions will prove to have been on a scale sufficient to make the whole operation successful. Iron and steel shares have been in the public eye, with nitrates buoyant in the early days, but relapsing later on profit taking. The reason for interest in Mexicans is discussed below. But of greater importance than the strength of these markets was the contrast of the tone of the rest of the Exchange, particularly of gilt-edged stocks, which, led by the 5 per cent. War Loan, plunged into a new fit of melancholia. Movements in oil shares were nervous and wild. The firmness of the exchange in New York has been a pleasing feature, and European exchange rates have, on the whole, been comparatively steady. Though the City is very far from being "Asquithian" in politics, the Paisley result was well received by responsible observers of national finance, on the ground that Mr. Asquith's presence will give a greater reality and usefulness to financial discussions in the House of Commons.

### MEXICAN SECURITIES.

A few weeks ago I called attention to promising features in the Mexican outlook which were likely to cause a rise in Mexican securities. Hopes then entertained have taken a rather more tangible form and the market has enjoyed a good spurt. In fact, early this week it shared with nitrates and iron and steel the distinction of being about the brightest spot in the Stock Exchange, which was otherwise depressed by fears of dearer money. The immediate reason for this week's hopefulness was the declaration by the Mexican Government of its determination to hand back the Mexican railway to the company, and the further news that the resumption of interest payments on the external debt is to be discussed with the Committee appointed to watch the interests of holders of Mexican securities. When I last referred to this subject, the ordinary, first preference, and second preference stocks of the Mexican Railway Company were quoted at 22, 53, and 33 respectively. These quotations were raised to 25, 56½, and 37½ respectively, but have since relapsed a little. Though no dividend on these stocks has been paid since 1913, the improved outlook attracted the type of investor—and his name to-day is legion—who is always on the look out for chances of quick capital appreciation. Events may justify this attitude, but before purchasing these stocks investors should reflect (1) that though hopes are brighter Mexico and the Mexican Railway Company are not necessarily out of the wood yet, and (2) that certain Home Railway securities—e.g., Great Northern Deferred and Metropolitan Ordinary, both dividend payers—can be bought at prices cheap in relation to the level to which Mexican Railway Preference stocks now stand. The Mexican Government's concern over the resumption of interest on the external debt is probably not unconnected with a wish to renew borrowing operations in Europe.

### EXIT GRAND TRUNK.

Grand Trunk stockholders accepted the inevitable last week when they ratified the agreement arrived at between their directors and the Canadian Government. Briefly stated, this agreement provided (1) for the guaranteeing by the Dominion Government of the interest on the debenture and guaranteed stocks; (2) for a decision by a Board of

Arbitrators as to what amount shall be awarded to the first, second, and third preference and ordinary stocks, such amount to be paid by exchanging for those stocks a non-voting 4 per cent. stock, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, and to be called the new guaranteed stock, but such new guaranteed stock to be limited to an amount requiring, with the amount necessary to meet the dividend on the old guaranteed stock, an annual payment for interest not exceeding \$5,000,000. The Canadian Government acquires the line and shoulders its responsibilities, including the obligations in respect of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The deed is now done, and it is no good for the shareholders to cry over spilt milk. It was, of course, only natural that at the final meeting the Chairman should dot the i's and cross the t's of the Company's side of the case and that harsh things should be said about the Dominion Government's attitude. But there is every ground for thinking that the agreement might very easily have been worse for the stockholders, and that about the most signal service Sir Alfred Smithers and his colleagues have ever performed for the Company lies in their success in obtaining as good terms as they did. Those who think otherwise are out of touch with the popular sentiment in Canada on the subject. However much one may be impressed with the strong points in the Company's case, one cannot blink the fact (which is patent to anyone who reads the Ottawa "Hansard") that a strong body of Canadian opinion would have insisted on purchase on much harder terms. It is a strange coincidence that the same week that has seen the demise of the Grand Trunk as a private enterprise has also seen the promise that another great railway abroad, financed by British capital—the Mexican railway—is to be handed back to be run by its private owners.

### NEW ISSUE POINTS.

For the last time I remind my readers that the subscription lists for the 5½ per cent. Exchequer Bonds close on the date of this number of THE NATION, Saturday, February 28th. A last moment rush to swell subscriptions is desirable for reasons I have previously explained. In some respects the most interesting prospectus of the week is that which offers 400,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each and 600,000 ordinary shares of 1s. each in Goodson's Mantle & Costume Company Ltd. This prospectus illustrates the general remarks about preference shares and their security made on this page on November 29th last. The capital is obviously "top-heavy," £400,000 being in preference and only £30,000 in ordinary shares. There is nothing unsound about that so long as subscribers realize that the preference shares to which they are asked to subscribe are not of the old-fashioned type, but are rather like ordinary shares with a small margin of deferred shares behind them. Further, the tangible assets of Goodson's Limited (exclusive of goodwill, £29,482) are stated as £126,971, against which there are creditors for £84,259, leaving net tangible assets of £42,712, which does not seem to be overdoing the visible security for £400,000 of preference shares. The new company acquires nearly all the shares in Goodson's Limited for £400,000 in cash, which is less than five years' purchase on the basis of 1919-20 profits, which were £85,415, against £44,164 in the previous year. Subscribers will be speculating on the continuance of high profits earned in an abnormal period. There is no particular reason to predict that they will not continue. But subscribers must realize how they stand in the matter of security. The prospectus is clearly set out and affords opportunity for an excellent exercise in prospectus study. In the prospectus of R. W. Crabtree & Sons Ltd. the vendors give unusual evidence of their confidence in the concern by accepting the purchase price in ordinary shares valued at a premium. Full particulars will be available on Saturday of Lever Brothers' new issue of 7 per cent. preference shares, to be made in connection with the recent purchase of the Niger Company. It will be a sound investment opportunity.

L. J. R.

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